

THE
Three first
BOOKES OF
Ouid de Tristibus

*Translated into
English.*

IM PRINTED
at London in Fleetstrete, neare vnto
Sainct Dunstones Church, by
Thomas Marsh.

1580.
Cum Priuilegio.



The occasion of this Booke.

 F Ouidius Naso his banishment, diuers occasions be supposed: but the commō opinion and the most likely is, that Augustus Cæsar thē Emperour, reading his Bookes of the Arte of Loue, misliked thē so much, that he condemned Ouid to exile. After which time the sayd Ouid aswel in his passage on the Sea, as after arriued in the Barbarous countries, the rather to recouer the Emperours grace, wrote these Elegies, or Lamentable verses, directing some to the Gods, some to Cæsar, some to his wife, some to his Daughter, some to his Frendes, some to his foes, &c. And called this booke, the booke of Sorowes: In latin de Tri-
stibus.

TO HIS MOST ASSV-
red and tryed Friende Maister

Christopher Hatton Esquire, Thomas
Churchgarde wylsheth continuance
of Vertue.



S I haue greate defyre
to perfourme my promise touch-
ing my whole workes of English
Verses, good maister Hatton, so
I wish my selfe able euerye waye
to keepe the worthinesse of your
Frendship, which many haue ta-
sted, and few can fynd fault withall: such is the eeu-
neſſe of your dealinges, and the vpright behauour of
the same. Vel, least I ſhould ſeeme to vnofolde a far-
dle of Flattrie, I retourne to my matter My booke be-
ing vnreadye, conſidering I was commaunded (by a
great and mighty parſonage) to write þ ſame againe,
I am forced in the meane whyle to occupy your iudger-
ment with the reading of another mans worke, whose
doings of it ſelf, are ſufficiët to purchase good report,
albeit it wanted ſuch a Patron as you are to defende
it. The reſt of that woorke which as yet is not come
forth, I purpose to pen and ſet out, crauing a little lea-
ſure for the ſame. And ſurely ſir, I bluſh that myne
owne booke beares not a better Tytle, but the bases
nes of the matter wil not ſuffer it to beare any higher
name

The Epistle.

name, than Churcyardes Chyps: for in the same are sondry tryfles composed in my youth, and such fruicte as those dayes and my simple knowldege coulde yelde, so that the aptest name for such stufte, was as I thought, to geue my workes this Title, to be called Churcyardes Chips (to warme the wittes of his wellwillers.) In my first booke shalbe three Tragedies, two tales, a Dreame, a description of Frendship, a Farewell to the Court, the siege of Leech and sondry other thinges y are already written. And in my seconde Booke shalbe fourre Tragedies, ten Tales, the Siege of Saint Quintaynes, Newhauen, Calleis, and Guynes, and I hope the rest of all the forrein warres, that I haue seene or heard of abroade, shall follow in another volume.

Thus commending this little present to your cōsideration, I trouble you not long with the tediousnes of my Epistle, and wishing you muche worshippe, good fame and blessed fortune, I bydde you moste hertely farewell.

Yours in all a commaundement.

Thomas Churcyarde.

Ouid to his Booke.

The Elegie first.

My little booke (I blame thee not) to stately towne si all goe.
 O ciuell chaunce, þ where thou goest, thy maister may not so.
 Goe now thy way: yet fute thy selfe, in sad and simple geare,
 Such exiles weede as time requyse, I wil þ thou do weare.
 No vaste Violet shalt thou vse, noȝ robe of Purple hue,
 Those costly coulours be vnsit, our carefull cause to tue.
 With cuddy red dye not thy face, noȝ sappe of Cedar tree,
 Such outward hue see that thou haue, as cause assignes to thee.
 Frounce not thy fearefull face I say, noȝ haplesse head to streke,
 But roughe and rugde so shew in sight that pity may prouoke.
 Those subtill sleights be much more meete, for volumes vordre of paine
 But thou of my vnfriendly fate a myrroȝ must remayne.
 Be not abashd thy ruesfull blots, to set and shew in sight,
 That of my teares men may them iudge, to haue beene made a right.
 Depart thy way and in my name, salute those blessed bowers,
 When as thy fearefull foote shall fall, in Cæsars stately towres.
 If any be (as some there are) amongst the rurall route,
 Forgetlesse frends shall aske for mee, oȝ ought shall seeme to doubre.
 Say that I liue: which as I do, by force of heauenly night,
 So do confesse my troubled state, wherein thou seest me plight:
 If further speach shall thee prouoke, oȝ other skill they craue,
 I charge thee then to take good heed: no waufull woordes to haue.
 My faulty facts if any shall, repproue perhaps to thee,
 Oȝ dolefull deedes in publike place condempned chaunce to bee.
 Spend thou no speach, noȝ do not care, tho threatening browes they bide,
 A rightfull cause it hindreth oft, with woordes if we defend.
 Some shalt thou finde that wil bewaile, me thinke in exiles sent,
 And reading thee with trickling teates, my carefull case lament.
 And in their mutting mindes will wish (least wicked men may heare)
 That Cæsars yre once set a syde, from paynes I may be cleare.
 To such therfore as wel do wish, to vs that payne do proue,
 To mighty loue wee pray likewyse, like sorowes to remoue.
 All thinges thus stalle in quiet state, and Cæsars grace once wonne,
 Doth wish me loth some life to ende, where life I first begonne.
 I moake vntworshp of my witte, of thee some men will iudge,
 And doing that I thee requyse, at thee likewyse shall grudge.

Ouid de tristibus.

Yet ought a Judge as well to tyme as maner haue regarde.
Which if ye haue (as I do hope) thou safely shalt be harde.
For pleasaunt breses do proceede from quiet resting bryayne,
But soden sorowes mee assaultes, with hugie heapes of payne.
A tyme of trouble vayde it craves, a perfyt verse to make,
But mee the Seas, the westerlyng wyndes, the winter wyld doth shake,
A minde more free from feare it askes, in deadly doubt I stand,
Leaft that my life with swerd be rest, by force of enemys hand.
Yet some there are that marustle will, and rightfull Judges bee,
When they this meane and simple verse, with equall eyes shall see.
For though that Homer yet did liue, with sorowes so be set,
His wanted wits through malycie mighte, I feare he shoulde forget.
Yet shewe thy selfe (my seely booke) without regard of fame,
Nor though percase thou doest displease, let it not thee ashamed.
Syrth fortune so vnfriendly is to hope it were in bryayne,
That thou therby shoulde purchase praysse to make therof thy gayne.
Whyle fortune smylid with smirking chere of fame I had despise,
And noted name on euery syde, I sought for to acquyse
I fayned verse lo now I make, and hate my hurtful loze,
Let it suffice, sith that my wit forfaketh me therfore.
Yet goe thou one and in my neede the royall Rome to see
God graunt that there is none of myne, they may account of thee.
And though thou there a straunger be, thinke not vnknowen to come
But that amids the mighty towne schu shalt be knownen to some.
Thy colour wil disclose thy craft, althoughe thou weare no name,
By depe deceite, or otherwyse by skill to cloake the same.
In priuy wylle yet passe thou in my verse may els offend,
The wanted grace it clearly wantes, which I to verse did lende.
To reade as myne if any shal, vnworthyn therfore deeme,
And from his handes to cast away to the by hap shal see me,
Tel then thy name: thou art not he of loue that taught the loze,
That wicked woxke hath felt the paynes that it deserv'd before.
Perhaps thou lookst I shoulde thee bid the pallace proude to clyme,
Where Cesar royall court doth keape with pleasaunt passed tyme.
Those princely places and eke Gods, of pardon to I crane
Sith from the stately tops of them this lyghtning lo we haue.
The tyme I may remember when those Gods more gentle weare,
Sith now therfore as hurtful be by proesse of payne I feare.
The sely Dove that once was nymph, with goshauk s gredy nype,
Doth dread the smallest glympes of her, to brye her greeuous gripe.

Ths

The first booke.

2.

The wandring lambe þ woxwing Wolfe, had caught by courage boulde,
Escappyngh then his cruel chaps doth slepe in shes heards bould.
Pes Phaeton would shunne the skye, if he agayne did rayne,
And hate the horses whom hee lou'de for feare of former payne,
My selfe confesse that haue receyde of loue his launce a wond,
Do feare the force of flashing eyre, by thunders threatening sound.
Who so Caphates sekes to shunne in way from Grecian sleetes,
That he alwayes from Eboike Seas, to turne his sterne is mete
Wher ship that lately did escape, with sturdy舟me a clappe
In that same place doth hate to come, for feare of like mishap.
Wher booke therfore beware and stand, with searsel mynde in doubt.,
And be content that thou be red in priuate place aboute.
Whyle Icarus with tender winges did clyme the starry skye,
In surging Seas he fel adowne, which haue their name therby
The Ouer oþ the sayles to bse, herein to know is hard,
But time and cause shall counsayle thee, if thou therto regarde.
In ydole tyme if thou espye, when ceased is debate,
And when all ire is pacifyed, and turnd to frendly state.
Some doubting thus with feareful face wil thee perhaps present,
So hee with wordes thy way haue made, then go where thou art sent.
Whore happy hap god graunt thou haue, and far more lucky day,
Then I haue had, when thou come there, our sorowes to allay.
Soþ he alone can salue my soze: of whom the wounde I haue.
And hurt and heale by selfe same skill, Achilles lately gaue.
Take heede whyle helpe herein thou seeke, therby no hurt arise,
For feare doth farre surmount our hope, thy selfe therfore advise.
In myndes to quiet bent, renew not wrath agayne,
Le ast thou bwares may kindle cooles, to double former payne.
Yet when unto my homely house, thou shalt returne to mee,
And in thy crooked shynge be set, a place made meete for thee.
Thy brethen there thou shalt behold, in order seemely set,
One only father all they had, whom he by skill beget.
The rest that herin sight do shew by signes thou may decerne,
Whose names be set amids their brawes, that thou therof maye learne.
And also three in priuy place, do lurke in darkesome den,
Of loue the crafty skill they teache, as it is knownen to men.
Those wicked wightes thou shalt eschew, oþ if thou may proclame,
For such as fathers lately slew, by Telogonian name,
These three I warne thee of, if thou (the father not disayne,
Of loue although the way they teach, to lass yet thcu restrayne.

32

33

Quid de tristibus.

And fiftene volumes more in verſe, of chaunged bodys heſ,
Which at my funeralles I had, and there bereft from mee.
Amonge the which tranſormed ſhapes, ſay thou that I do craue,
That my miſfortune may be ſet, with them a place to haue.
Unlikey to her former helleſt, her altring wondrouſ ſtraunge,
For now ſhee weepes þ whilom ſmilde, as chaunce of time doth change
Moſe matter yet (if thou had aſkte) I had to tel beside,
But that I feare it might be cauſe, to longe that thou abyde.
For if nothing that comes to minde, from thee I ſhould detayne.
A burdenfaſtre moſe huge thou were, then bearers could ſuſtayne.
Longe is thy way therefore make haſt, for we ſhal now abyde,
In furthef Coast of all the earth far from our country wyde.

To the Gods.

The Elegie ſeconde.

O Gods of Seas & Skyp, for what ſauē (prayers may preuail)
Do not deſtroy our shaken ſhippes, in ſurging Seas to ſayle.
Nor do you not to Caſars wraſh, with whole aſſent reſort,
Nor him whome one God doth oppreſſe, an other may ſuport.
Though Vulcane Roode aduerſe to Troy, Apollo ſought relieve,
And Venus was to Troyans iuſt, though Pallas wrought their griefe.
So Iuno did Aeneas hate, who Turnus held full deare,
Yet he through helpe of Venus powere, from harme was ſaued cleare.
The ſearce Neptunus oft did ſecke, to ſhort Vlyſſes daies.
Yet from her Eme Minerua did, his life preſerue alwages.
And though we farre inſeruoir be, in heauenly force and might,
A ſriendly God yet who forbids, an angry God to ſpight.
But wastefull wordes (O wretch) I ſpend, no good thereby arife.
Hauē that it makes the watry waues, to ſprunge from speakers eyes.
My paynfull ſpeach and prayers preſt, the Southren wynd hath rent.
And ſuffers not that they do come, to Gods where they be ſent.
With one aloneſly cauſe therefore leaſt I be hurt, ſhould deeme
Both ſhippes and bowes I know not where, to beare away they ſeeme
What boſkerous billowes now (O wretch) amids the waues we ſyge,
As I forthwith ſhould haue bene heu'de to touch the Azure ſkye.
What vacant baſties be there ſet, in ſwallowing Seas ſo wrought,
As preſently thou lookeſ I ſhould, to dreye hell be brought.
I tookt about ſauē Seas and ſky, nougħt ſubiect was to fight,
With ſwelling ſurges one, with cloudes, the other threſtened ſpight.
Betweene them both with whiſpyng ſound, the whiſpling wynds do rend
And ſoming Seas to Weather God, do ſtand in doubt to bend,

| Rome

The first booke.

30

Now doth Sir Eurus windes take force at ryse of mounding bight,
Now Zephyrus is prest at hand, to wryghte the darksome night.
Now Boreas with parching brygge, from Northren Pole doth glide,
Now Notus so with seare aspyce, doth put his force aspyde.
The Cupde himselfe in doubtful muse, what he may syre doth craue,
Astonied stapes his wondred shal from wrycke the shipp to saue.
We dyre therfore, ne hope at all of life their doth remayn.
While thus I speake the bitter teares, my fearfull face distayn.
The floodg my mind opprest while thus, in baine we prayd alas,
And by our carefull mouth adowne, the deadly drops do pas.
My godly wylle it onely gryues, in exile I am sent,
This one mishap alone she knowes, for this she doth lament.
In largest seas how I am cast, in her no feste doth seeme,
Nor toll with wypdes she knoweth not, nor deeth so neare doth deeme.
O happy yet I did her leue, and so my selfe aye
For els (poore wretch) my payn were more, then death had suffered wise.
But though that I do perish quicke, lith she in lyfe remayne,
I thinke therby my dopes to lengh and halfe a life to gayne.
What flames alas with swift recourse, from scowling cloudes do light,
What cruell crashing noyse do sound, from axe in hesuen on hight,
No lighter blowes our shipp do beare by surges wryghter gush,
Then losyn walles when they sustayne, the cannons cruell rushe,
This rysing floud whiche hence do come, in force all shuds surmount,
Behynd the nyght before the leuenth, in syght be my account.
For deeth I feare though this do seeme, a wretched deeth to be,
Her wrycke aside, a gylt it is, a welcome gueste to mee,
Somwhat it is for such as ere, by sword or farr decayed,
That dyng so in mouldy earth, their lueles corps be layed.
Their fayrefull frendes they may exhort, and gladsome graue obayne,
And not in Sees to have bene stroyd, and fishes food be slayne.
Admit I do deserue such deeth, alone I am not heare.
Why shold my grieve ppreure these paynes whose fates from faults be
O Haining aboue and gods so great, which rule the wateres al, (clearre
Of either soft moore wretchet be, and threawing brokcs iuste fall.
No life whiche Cesars gentle wrych, hath leu to passe alwe,
Herewith I may (if you let not) at forned place atue.
If any payne I haue deserued, haue you my deeth decreed
My fault at all no I can deserue, the iuge hi selfe agrued.
If Cesar wold haue sent me downe to swim in Stigian leke,
No helpe of you for that he udes noz paynes therin should take.

Quid de tristibus.

No such envy he doth pretend nor longeth so for bloud,
Sith that he gauē and may receiue, when he so thinkes it good.
And you therfore we humble pray, sith ye no harme sustayne,
Indifferent myndes herein to haue, and not encrease our payne.
For though you woulde with whiche assent, my wretched body saue,
Thinke you by that so damped soule a helpe hereafter haue?
Though seas were calme, though windes were stil, & you O Gods con-
Yet as exilde I should remayne, by Cæsars owne assent. (tent,-
I do not seeke for greedy garnay, by marchantes crafty skill.
Wherby I should occasion hine the surging seas to till
Nor Athens loe I loke to see, where I haue sought so loye,
Nor Asia mighty townes to view, nor seene to mee before.
Nor yet to Alexandria cost, I would conuayed be,
That ther I might O Nilus rest, thy pleasures there to see.
The wondres I wish (who would beleue) my shyp in hast to dyne.
Unto Sarmatia famous land, that there it might arue.
Is I am bound euē so I would, to Pontus hauen attayne,
And leauing thus my country deare my slow successe I playne.
Nor know not in what coast to fynd, the towne that Tomos hight
And by my paynelull prayers so, I take my feareful flight.
If me you louē then do I crave your swellying clouds to tame,
And by your heauenly power permit our shyps may sable the same.
O: if you hate, compel me then to poyned place to lie,
I part of payne I thinke it is, in straungers ground to dye.
Now hale away you boisterous windes, whē do wee here abyde?
And by Italia shore in sight what causeth vs to ryde?
Sith Cæsar hath decreede my flight, wil you thereto denye.
Wherefore permit my eyes may come, where Pontus they may spe.
Thus hath he iudgd, thus I deserue, nor what he doth repproue,
By right o; law to send my fault, it may not mee behoue.
If doleful deedes of mortall men, to Gods be not vnknowen.
Then may you see not my offence, of wicked mynd is growen.
But if such shill they haue, and I by errour so distraught,
My mynde with ignorance and not, with wickednes was fraught.
If any loue to Cæsars house, wee symple men do beare,
His publique hestes it shall suffice, that wee do dread and feare.
If I haue told of happy dayes, wherin that he did rapne,
To Cæsar and Cesarians all, haue done my busie payne.
If I such faythful mynd haue had, so graunt (O Gods)reliefe,
If not to dround in Deas I wish and end my weary griefe.

But

The first booke.

4.

But am I now deceipted? or do the scowling cloudes waue sayle,
Or do the billowes breake in sight? or calme to seas repaire?
No chaunce but cause haue cal'de you here, your syde wee pray to lende,
With you no fraude or craft may blinde, for help we doe attend.

¶ Hee departeth from Rome, remembreth the teares of his Wyfe,
and frendes. Elegie. 3.

When I the pensiue picture see, of darcke and deryng night,
And in my minde behold the towne, from whence I toke my flight,
Or time record, when I did leaue my frendes and dore alayes,
Then do the dolefull drops descend, from my sad weeping eyes.
The day due on I shoule depart, as Cesar wold before,
And flee a farre to parties extreme, and shun Italia shone.
No time or perfitt space I had, nor minde for prayes prest,
And drownes by long delay, had crept in carefull brest.
No men there were to waight on me, no care I had to rede,
No garmentes meete for myne estate, nor wealth to serue my neede,
I was astoyn'de: as hee that feeles the force of lightning flame,
Who thinckes he were of life bereft, and yet enjoyes the same,
But when this cloude of winde was gone, by sorrow set asyde,
And that my fences did returne, in former health to bide,
At last my sooyt frendes I spake, when I away did pas,
Whiche of a number that I had, but one or two there was.
My louing wyfe all weeping thus, me weeping did sustaine,
Till that by her unwothy cheeke, a shoure of teares did rayne.
My daughter desire was farre away, in coaſt of Libia land,
And of my fate no word she knew, nor cause could understand.
A yelling and a crying noyse did sound on euery syde,
No secret forme of funerall, within my house did abyde.
The man the Wyfe, the blamelesse babe, my dolefull death do iue,
In every corner of my house, a stremme of teares there gave.
If we doubt not our matters small, by greater thinges make playne,
As Troy when it was tane, so we in like estate remayne.
How whistled was the boyce of men, of dogges and euery wight,
And Cynthia ledde the houles then, that rul'de the darckesone night.
I lookinge up, did cast myne eyes, the Senaſt house to see,
Whiche next our carefull cot in baine, was built in good degree.
And sayd (O Gods) that here do rest, and neeres neighbours bee,
O stately Temples whom myne eyes, henceforib shall never see.
And you O heauenly gods I leaue, in losty Rome to dwelle.
For ever here I take my leaue, and bid you all farewell.

¶ 4.

But (thought)

Quid de tristibus.

But though that after gerasours wondres, my shield to late I haue,
Yet do bouchsafe my learefull flight, from hurtful hate to save.
And say unto this heavenly man:by error: I did fall,
Least wretchednes waelis be thought to haue bene wixt withall,
And that which you do all perceue, let hym perceue the same,
That Gods once plesde, I may be sure, to haue no wretches name.
These painful prayres haue I made the myghty Gods, unto
My wylfe with more whyle sobbing eythes, her wordes haue letted so.
Before the dores with hennes be spread, he prostrate lo did lye,
And with her mouth the Walters biss, that bulded are therby.
Ful many helpless wordes he spake to aduise houses than,
Whiche naught at al for me plesid, that was condemned man.
The hastynge night now diew away, nor longer space would graunt
Wherwith the staires ded turne one axe, the darksome night to daun.
What myght I do as loath I was to leave my countre deare,
So was the poynted night now come, and almos^t passed cleare.
How oft cride I to such as then, my long delay controwld.
Why force you me? why hast you o^r whence goe we now? behold
How often haue I saynde like wylfe, a certayne houre to haue,
Whiche for my tourney were more fyt, and me from daunger save.
The threshold thysle I kist, and thysle I was calde backe I lew,
My mynd was dull and made no hast, my feete in flight were slow.
Oft times I sayd farewell, and yet, for which I speake and plaine,
Had then as parting I returnd to kisse my frendes agayn.
Oftynges the same precepies I gave, and beynge yet begylde.
I lokid backe and cast myne eyes, to see my seely chylde.
In fine:what hast, to Scythes now it is that wee are sente,
And home we leue, yet both delages, be done of tust intent.
My wylfe although she liue I loose, I yet do liue like wylfe
With house and members sweete therof, whiche I cannot despise.
My faythfull fellowes eke whom I as brethen did esteeme,
Whose faulnd sayth as true to me, O These in wates I deeme.
Them therin armes I did embrase, whiche never mo^re I might,
Each howre a grateful gaine I thought, that gauen me was that night.
No more delay I made but left my talke imperfect there,
All thinges that I shold then haue sayd, in mynd recorded were.
Whyle we our sorow spech did spend, and while we weped thus,
The day starre gan appeare on sky, a heauy starre to vs.
Wherwith a payne I felte, as though my memb^rs haue forlorne,
And from my body every part, did se me to haue bene toone.

3 plain

The first Booke.

50

I plainde as Priam whilom did, when he the treason knew,
And saw his sores from horse to lippe, when Troian mates they flew,
A common crie did then arise, my secord a coping make,
Their carefull breakes of clotring bair, with heauie hands they brake,
Departing then to shouders fai, my wite did cleave afayd,
And with my teares her wordis hee mixt, and thus even then he sayd,
Thou shalt not goe together wi, to flee they shal constrayne,
I follow thee, of exiles wife, in exile will remayne.
The way is made for mee, and I, the furthest lande will see,
And to your passing shippes I shall, a slender burden bee.
Caesars watch commyndeth you our countreye to flee,
But loue, this godly zealous lou, shall Caesar graue to mee.
Like helpelesse thinges shee did alas, as out thre old before,
And stant her wearey hands shee gaue, her poul to restaze.
I comming forth as one that were, deppitude of rightfull graue,
A nasty shaine, a hangyng heare, a foming mouth I haue.
Some say that shee with sorowes great, at ende of darkesome night,
Endis the house in fraunce mood, do call her selfe in flight.
And that at length thre rose agayne, her hauyss in dust arayde,
And members colde from ground her heaude, as one right soye afayd,
Somtimes her selfe, somtimes her house, shee doth bewayle withall,
And to her husband absent then,full oft by name shee call.
No lesse shee weeped there then if, her wofull eyes shoud speye.
My daughter of my selfe made myre, on burning coales to lys.
Such care shee had her death to haue, and leue her living sence,
Yet none it were respecting mine, though shee so passed hence.
But now God graunt that shee do live, alth fates do so decree,
That by her helping hand I may, the more relieved bee.
Bootes now which keepes the beare, of Erymanthus wood,
In Ocean Sea is dyued lowe, whose starte doth stir the flood.
Yet sable we not in Ionian Seas, for that we so do craue,
But are compeld by present feare, more boldnes there to haue.
Lo now (O wretch) y^e Seas waxe blacke, the daungerous winds do beat,
And sandes that from the depth be drawne, do burne with sowle heat.
Our shippes with waues no lesse then hiltes, is tolled to and fro,
Our painted Gods with billowes bat, their quiet late forgo.
The slender shdes do cry and sound, with streke the cables cracke,
The ship it selfe with our ill hap, a fearefull groaning make,
The master by his pale aspecce, bewaypes his secrete fere,
And overcomde pursyng the wippe, by ill rules not the Acre.

the 5

Quid de tristibus.

Like as the fearful ryder doth let slip the horses renes.
Wher yeldeith to his carelesse will and art forȝeteth cleane.
Euen so nowheres he woulde, but where the forȝing wates dypue,
The sayle I see he lets at large, in washing waues to dwe.
That if syz Acolus, had not sent his chaunged wyndes abrode,
I surely had oz this bene blowen, to place that was forȝode.
For far from Liria coast so then, on leſt syde fast at hande,
The interdicted place we saw, and spide Italia land.
But let the forȝing seas(we pray) forȝidden shone to seeke.
That they with me the Gods obay, and shew themselues more meke.
While speaking thus we prayde and feare to haue bene dypue abacke,
With wondrouſ ſorce of ſurdy waues our ſhip ſides to did cracke.
O mighty Gods of marble ſeas let not your ire arife,
That loue himſeſe with mee be wroth, we crew it may ſuffice.
And do you not my wery minde with cruell deaſh conſtrayn,
If he that deaſh hath ſuffered once, cannot depart agayn.

To his conſtant frenđ.

Elgie. 4.

O frenđ whom firſt among my mates as chiefe in mynd I deeme,
O thou that doest my heauy ſate, euen as thyne owneſſe eeme,
That firſt relieved me I ricane, amazed where I lay.
And bouldere were with willing mouth conſorting yowdes to ſay,
Whiche gently gave me counſell then, to liue and lengthen my daies,
When loue of deaſh in careful brest, had crept by ſondre wayes.
Thou knowſt to whom I ſpeak although thy name in ſynges I ſet,
Thy duty and thy frenđly care, no whit I do forȝet.
In deepest depth of mynd these thyngeſ I printed haueful playne,
A debtore ſtill of thyne, I shall for euermore remayne.
With wandryng windes this ſpirite of myne, ſhal pas away and flee,
And laſting bones with flaming fire, ſhal quite conſumed bee.
Before that these thy good deſerteſ ſhall ſcape my careful mynd.
Oreis this godly loue with time, from thence a way ſhal ſind.
Let mighty Gods now fauour thee, that helpe thou nedē none crave,
And ſoſtune ſar unlike to myne, God graunt that thou may haue.
Yet if the ſhip had ſafely ſayld and frenđly wyndes had blowne.
This loue and falſhul frenđſhip then, perhaps had not bene knoue.
Periheus did not accept, Duke Thesuſ for his frenđ,
Til that forȝ hym to Siyrian lake alue he dyd diſcend.
Dreſſes ſo thy ſurres ſcarce ſul perſeſt thy alſ bee,
With how true hart that Pylades, was linkt in loue to thee.

If theſe

The first Booke.

6

If that the stout Eurialus, with Butis had not sought,
Thy noble saue O Nisus then, had not bene blowen abought.
Like as the fine and perfect gould, in flaming fyre is tryde,
Euen so the loue of frendship is in troublous tyme disirde,
While fortune lust to smile and geue, her helping hand withall,
And thinges to grounded wealth they haue, that may thereto besall.
But when her threatening browes she bend, they shynke away shd sike,
Where hugge heapes but lately were, not one now left we see.
This skilful red I learned by lls, in other that did growe,
But now euen of myne owne mishaps, by profe the same I know.
Beant two or thre my frende, you are, that of mytuth remayne,
The rest as fortunes and not myne, I do accoupt them playne,
You few therfore do help our payne, that rest we may achiue,
And that by you our shakyn shippes, in safet shone araye.
With sayned feare be not afayd, a thing both sond and bayne,
Least God misliking that your loue, offendeth do remayne.
So: Cesar oft in enneuyes doth, his saythal frendship prapse,
And that which in his owne, in foes, he doth approue alwyses.
My cause yet better is, I haue, no aduerte armour woxe,
My folly is the cause that I my country haue forlooke.
With wakyng mindes our heauy haps, do you bewayle, and praye,
That Cesars raging wrath the more, therby may haue delay,
Who so my cares doth seeke to know, in number them to haue,
A thing more hard then may be done, he seewes therby to craue,
So many lls to haue I borne, as Starres in Azure sky,
And little grapnes of flying dust, on parched ground do lye.
And many more of greater weight, we forced were to bere,
Whiche thongh they chaunst of credit were, in them some doubt there were.
Some part wherof as doth behoue, with me must die awaie,
And by my meane would God were none, that might the same bewray,
A persynge speach although I had, a fyne and flinty breaſt,
And greater stoe of mouches thereto, whereto more tonges did rest,
Yet all in wordes I do not know how I might comprehend,
The thing exceeding further then, my wits may well extend.
My troubles great (O Poets lernde) for Duke Ulysses wight,
Yet I more lls then he hath borne, for truth you may endight.
In compas small hee many yeares, was tossed by and downe,
Betwene the Grecian, noble land, and Troians famous towne.
Wat we the widest Shas haue met, and wondred every wayer,
To Get a crickes haue driven bene, and the Sarmatia Wares.

300th.

Ouid de tristibus.

A faythful hand Vlysses had, with wistes both true and iust,
But me my fellowes fled in whome, I chiesly put my trus.
In mery moode as victor then, hee went his land to see,
But I as victor do depart, and exile hence to flee.
In Greece ne yet Ithaca ground, nor Samis do I dwell,
From whence to be no psonne it is, but may be suffred well.
But Rome which from the mountaynes seuen, we there behold in sight,
The empire large and Gods therof lo thence I take my flight.
A body strong Vlysses had, that labour could sustayne,
A small and slender corpes I haue, with weake and tender brygne.
To cruell warrs and Marshall deedes hath he bene vsed alwayes,
In quiet study haue I dwelt, and liued all my dayes.
The greatest God oppresteth me, to whom no God resort,
But Pallas him assited stil, and did his cause support.
Neptunus ire the God of Seas, haue greued him right soze,
But me Almighty Ioue oppresse, whose wrath reuengeth moze.
The greatest part of his now be, for fables counted plaine,
Of our mishaps no part at all soleassing do remayne.
In fine, evan as he did desye, at populed place arue,
Which long he wist, right so he did, at length attayne alue.
But I my country deare do think now never more to see.
Unlesse the ire of angry Gods, appased hap to be.

To his wifre Elegie.5.

Callimachus did not so burne, with loue to Lydalent,
Nor yet so soze Philotes had, his hart on Battis bent,
To the (O mate most true) my brest within I depeely graue,
Which worthy art a bitter not, but happier husband haue,
I falling fast by thee do hold, as by a booteful brame,
The gilt it is, that I haue scapt, apart of troublous stremes.
Thou art the cause I am no pray, to such as seeke to see,
The leuers brought that might declare, the wocull wache of mee.
Lyke as the wolle that bloud desyres, when hunger hard doth prike,
Of sely shepe that be unkept, the fleshy full syne wold tick,
Or as the greedy Grype vpon, the careful corpes both bare,
When on the ground hee sees it lyg and left unburned bere,
Soone it is as I know not who, my ha, d hev did mischis.
Upon a y godes if ilcun les not his handes hast layd knus.
But I m the better did withstand, by force of friendes full true,
To whom no thanks we render may, as to their deedes is due.

The first Booke.

7

In carefull case a witnes true, thy deedes therfore doth prayse,
If witnes do perchaunce preuayle, in these our dolefull dages.
In vertuous life Andromacha, thy name doth not dislaine,
Nor Laodamia who did leue her life with husband slaine.
If Homer thou hadst happon, thy fame should farre excede,
Aboue the chaste Penelopes, of whom in him we reade.
But if these maisters meeke the Gods, did geue thee all vntaughte,
And in the day of blisfull byrth, of nature thou them caught.
Or els the matrone most to prayse, on whom thou waightest long,
Myrror did thee make to be, al honest wifes among.
And to her selfe with custome longe, hath causoe thee like to seeme,
By greater thinges of matters small, wee doubt not for to deeme.
Full woe I am my verse hath not, more force in such a case,
And that my tongue doth not suffice, thy saythfull factes to blase.
For looke what lively strents of mynde, afore in mee there spronge,
Is quenched quite and fallen away, with sorrowes soze and longe:
The chiese amonge the Ladies of, great fame tholl mightest be,
And of all men be lookte vpon, for vertue, and for wit.
And so what power my penne may haue, when verse I do indyte,
From time to time thou shalt age liue, in verse that I can wryte.

To his friends that vvarc his Image ingraude.

Elegie.6.

VVhat frend thou be that Image haue, in forme made like to mee,
No Garlands gay with Juyce wrought, about his head let bee.
These happy signes most comely be, that pleasaunt Poets were,
My troublous time is farre vnsit the Lawrell crowne to beare.
And thou that beares about of mee, in riuge the picture preue,
Fayne þ these thinges were never spoke, although thou knowes it best.
The countenaunce deare of mee, that am in exile sent, beholde,
The likenes of my louring lookes, which thou hast graude in gould.
Wheron when thou shalt cast thine eyes, then haply thou may say,
How far from vs is Naso now, our fellow sent awaie.
Thy loue I well alowe but yet, my verses print moxe playne
My forme: which as they be, I bid, to read do not disaayne.
My verse I say that doth declare, how men straunge shapes i sd shade,
Unhappi worke whose maister fled, and left vnperte made.
The same with heauy hand full sad in flamin syre I thurst,
With much moxe of my gricuous goods, when needes depart I must.
And as they say that Theseus, did burne with fatall fire,
Personne: and other kynedet was, then mother woude wryte.

So I

Ouid de tristibus.

So I my bookeis my bowels deare, which no deserte did stow,
To dñe awaþ with mee did iken, in flesching flames besow.
Whiche eyther was because my muse, as hurtful I did hate,
Or eis for that my verse was rude and not in perfect state.
Whiche as they be not quite extinct, but partly yet appere
In volumes mo then one I binke, that when they written were.
So now I wish them stil remayne, none pte flouish that bee,
The reader to delite but me, remembri him of mee.
But yet no man with pacient cates, to reade them can abyde,
Except he know that vncorrect, from me the same did slide.
That worke was pluckt away when halfe, he had his labour stant,
The trumming tricke that last should come, my wrtinges cleare wans.
For paynted prayse thy pardon craue, thy ppraise shal wel suffice,
If thou that chance to reade this booke, my worke do nor despise,
And here also oþre vereso haue, whiche if thou thinke it best,
In formost fronde of that my booke, see that thou let them rest.
What n̄ an thou be these volumes touch, of farther now bereft,
And leastwysse graunt within your house a place for them be left.
And that thou shold moþe fauour them, of him they were not sent,
In publicque pprase: but as it were the maysters herse of rente.
If that vncarneþd vereso therefore, shal then shew forþ my cr̄me,
The mayster would haue mended it, if he had longir tyme,
To his frenð that brake his promise

Elegie. 7.

The fresh clouds shall fram Oceans reþpe, agayne theiþe springes unto
So shall the Sunne with boþes turnde, his course reuoke also.
The earth shal clie the bright starre bear, and appþe the plough shal cleue,
The water shal bryng þe forth the flames, and fire shal water geue
All thinges shal now by natures law, in order straunge procede,
No parcell of this wandþyng worlde, his way aright shal leads.
All things shal come to palle which I, deuyed aþre colde be,
For nothing is so straunge to heare, but we may hope to see
It shal be so I gesse because, of him I am reiect,
Whose helpe I hoped now that shold, my woesful cause protecþ.
O faythles stand how came so great forgetfulnes of mee
Why were thou then so soþ, aþreyd, my carefull corps to see
Thst once agayne thou myght not loke, noþ comfort me oppreþ,
Nor yet hard hart, my funerale purþe among the rest:
The sacred name of frenð shal fayre, that al men do adorþ,
Under thy foyre thou leisst lye, as thinge of little hope.
And though thou did no teates let fall, for this my soþy plight,
Yet far from hart some wordes to say, with laþed grieþ thou myght.

¶ 168

The first Booke.

8

At least wylle that to straungers did then bid we well to fare ;
With peoples boyce and publicke speach agree that goodwill bare.
And then thy face with mourning fete, no more in light rapp're,
Whyle yet thou myghtest to looke upon the last day I was there.
To take and geue with talke alike, our farewel in such case,
Whiche once we myght and then no more, whyle world endures embrase,
To others moe which with no leage of friend ship I had bounde,
Whio then declarde their grieve of mead, with trickeyng teares on ground,
Where els should I to thee be knyt, with litte in common led,
Whith causes the of great effect, and loue in long tyme bled.
Whyleis knew thou so many boudes, and carnall actes of myne,
And I so many matters sayde, and pleasant pranxes of thyne.
What if alone at roiall Rome our friend ship had bene knyt,
But thou so oft in every place, was calde a fellow fit.
With wosome wnydes of seas in myne, haue all these taken flight
Dyets al thinges in Lethe lake, are diuised with darkesome myght,
I thinke in towne thou were not borne, that Rome of Maitre hight,
Towne alas wherein to come, I may not woful wight.
But in the rockes which here do lye, on left syde of the sea,
In crooked cragges of Sarmatis, in land of Scythia.
That in thy hart be heaped high, of synt the stony baynes
And eke o Iron the seedes so hard, within thy brest remaynes.
The nourse also which gaue thee sucke through tender mouth to passe
With scutful teares when thou wert young, batamed tiger was.
For els thou wold not Iesse regard the heaup hap I beare,
Then straungers ill:woz gylty yet, of rigour rough appare.
But synce the saue my fatall fall and sorrowes do encrease,
That frenship shold in his fyre tyne, from duty doing cease.
Now cause I may forget thy fault, and then I shall agayne,
With selfe same young thy kindnes prapse that I do now complaine.

To his friend that the common people followeth
fortun. Elegie 8.

A liborde of grieve God graunt thou may, last ende of life attayne,
Whiche as a friend to reade this worke, of myne doth not disdaine.
And here I wish my prayers myght, preueyle for thy behoue,
Whiche for my selfe the cruell goddes, to mercy cold not moue.
In number thicke thy frenship wil come, whyle hap hangeth on thy syde,
If boomy cloudes of tyne apere, alone thou shalt abyde,

Wchold

Ouid de tristibus.

Behold how Doves to house resort, in whitely coloures cladde,
In b: astly boure of sluttish coate, no bryd abydeith gladde.
The paynfull Pismere never comes, in barre left boyde and bare,
No frend repayres where goods before, be cleane consume with care.
When Sunne doth shine the shadow shewes, of them that walke abyde,
When it lyeth hid in cloude he list, no longer make abode,
The vncoustant sorte of people so, do follow so; tunes light,
Whiche grēched once w houerig shōwre, they straight do take their flight
And would to God thou myght perceiue, that falsly this do sound,
But I must needes confess them true, by fortune that I sound.
Whyle we did stand in perfect stāte our house desyde no fāme,
But yet was knownen, and had resort, as did suffice the same.
Wat when it first began to shāke, they feared soze the fall,
And wyl backes to flying turnd, to save themselves withall.
No marwapple though they scare the flesh, of lightning a ruell flame,
By syze of whiche all thinges is wont, consume that neare it came.
But Cesar yet among his foes, that frende doth well allow,
Whiche doth not shāke but tary still, when fortune bendes her brow.
No wondē vse he hath to sume (no man is moxe modest)
If he which lou'de to louer still, in troublous tyme is prest.
The fāme doth tel' how Thoas hingē, on Pylades did rew,
When as by mate of Grēcian Lande, Orestes once he knou.
Patellus perfite sapit whiche was, with great Achilles kni,
Was wont full oft with worthy praysse, in Hectors trouith to st.
They say because that Theseus, with frend of his did pass.
Amonge the Princes blacke of Hell, their God full sorry was.
Wee beleue O Turnus that thy cheekes with teates were wet,
When thou heard of Eurialus, and Nylos faythē so set.
In wretches eke there is a loue, in fōs whiche we approue,
O heauy hap so few there be whiche with my wordes I moue,
Such is the stāte and chaunce of mee, and of my matters ell,
That nothing ought my teates to stōp, from sorpace to fall.
Hee reioyseth that his frend profited in learning.

Elegie.9.

Although my heart for private chānce, with sadness so be fraughte,
It lighter lyes when I heare of, the knowledge thou hast caught,
I saw(most deare)that here thou shouldest within this port arrue.
Afoze this way the wassling wīndes, thy shīp began to drīue.
If manners wilde with vertue mixt, or life deuoyde of blāme,
We had in yāce no man that liues, deserues a better name.

Op. 28.

The first Booke.

9.

¶ If by art of cunning knowne, that any do ascend,
There comes no cause which they cannot, with pleasant words descend
With these in minde I mooved thus, to thee then straight can say,
A greater stoge (O friend) remaynes, thy vertuē to display.
No spleene of Sheepe, of Lightning flame, no blashe on left side scene,
No chirring songe or flight of soule, a sygne whereof hath bene,
By reasons rule I did devine, and iudgē of that should come,
With these in mynde I gessed right, and of them knowledge none.
In heart therefore I to full am, for thee they prooued true,
Also for me, to whom thy wit, was knowne as did ensue.
But woulde to God that myne had lyne, full lowe in darknes hid,
For neede requyres my studious stile, of louely light to rid.
And as the science sad and grave, with pyked speach and syne,
Doth profit thec: so am I herte, with loze unlike to thyne.
But yet my life thou know'st right well, how that far from this art,
Is masters maners distant all, iepugne in every part,
Thou knowest of old this verse was writ, by me when I was young,
And it was though not to p̄se, in Test and playing songe.
Like as no crafty coulter can, in their defence haue might,
So I suppose my verse may not, excused be with right.
Even as thou can, doe them excuse, and frendes cause not forfet,
And with such stypes as thou hast gone, thy way right forfet do take.

¶ Hee prayseth his shippē hee founde at Corinthia.

Elegie. 10.

A Shipp I haue (and God so graunt) governēde by Pallas myght,
Whose happy name no heime therof, de painted is in sight.
It sayles therin we neede to vse, with slender winte she sayles,
¶ If the ower: her way she takes, and easie force preuayles.
Her fellowes all with speedy course, to pelle is not content,
Hue doth put backe by sundry skillers, all shippes that forward bent.
The flowing flouds she lightly bears, and sellis the tossing seas,
No cruell waves she yeeldes unto but sayles awy with ease.
With her I came acquainted first, even at Corinthia ground,
Whom since a guide and trusty mate, in fearefull flight I send.
Through sundry streights and wicked winds, ere wez the bid p̄cure,
Yet was by force of Pallas power, from daunger sauē sure.
And now the gates of vally Seas, we pray that shi may cleue,
In Geta streames so long time sought, we pray at length her true,
Which when she had conuoy'd me thus, to Hellisponius port,
In narrow tract awy full longe, she squelly did resoxt.

¶

¶ On left

Quid de tristibus.

On left syde then our course wee tourn'de, from Astors famious towne,
And to their coasts (ô Imbria) there, from thence we came a downe.
So forth with gentle windes when wee, Zerinthia did attayne,
In Samothracia there our ship, all weary did remayne,
From hence the reach is shaxt, if thou, Scantia seekes to bewe,
So farre the happy ship she did, her master still pursue.
Then on Bistonian fildes to goe, on fildes it did met please,
My ship forthwith forslaking there, the Helleponian Seas.
Unto Dardania then which bears, the Bithynian towne, we bend,
And thee (ô Lampsace) we do seeke, whom rurall Gods defend.
Where as the Sea doth Seston par, from Abydena towne,
Even where as Helles whilom feli, in narrow Seas adowne.
From thence to Cizicon which on Propontis shore do stand,
Cizicon the noble worke, of Thessalonians hand.
Whereas Byzantia holdeth in, the seas on eþher side,
This is the place of double Seas, that keepes the gate so wþre.
And here I pray that wee may scape, by force of Southen wnde,
That from Cyaneas Rockes in haſt, the Streight a way may finde,
And so to Enyochus bayes, and thence by Pollio fall,
And caried thus to cut her way, by Anchilaus his wall.
Thence unto Messembros port, and to Opeson bowres,
May haply passe (ô Bacchus) by, of thee the named towres.
Now to Alchathoes we go, which of the waues be spronge,
Who fleeing forth (men say) did bulde, herein their houses stronge.
From which unto Myletus towne, it saulkely may arraine,
Whereto the scarce and heauy wrach, of angry Gods do dñe.
Which if we may attayne unto, a lambe there shalbe slayne,
Mynerua to : for greater gift, our goods do not sustayne.
And you daime Hellens brethren twaine, to whom this Isle do bend,
Your double power to both our shippes, we pray that you do lend.
The one unto Symplegades, prepares her way to make,
The other through Bystonia, her toney thence do take.
Cause you that since we diuers plats, of purpose go unto,
That we may haue, and so may this, their wished winds also.

¶ Hovve that hee made his first booke in his Iourney.

Elegie. 11.

Within this booke what letter be, that thou perhaps shall reede,
In troublous time, of careful way, þ same was made in deede.
For eþher Adria sawe we there, in colde Decembers day,
How weepinghe verse amids the Seas, to wþre I did assay.

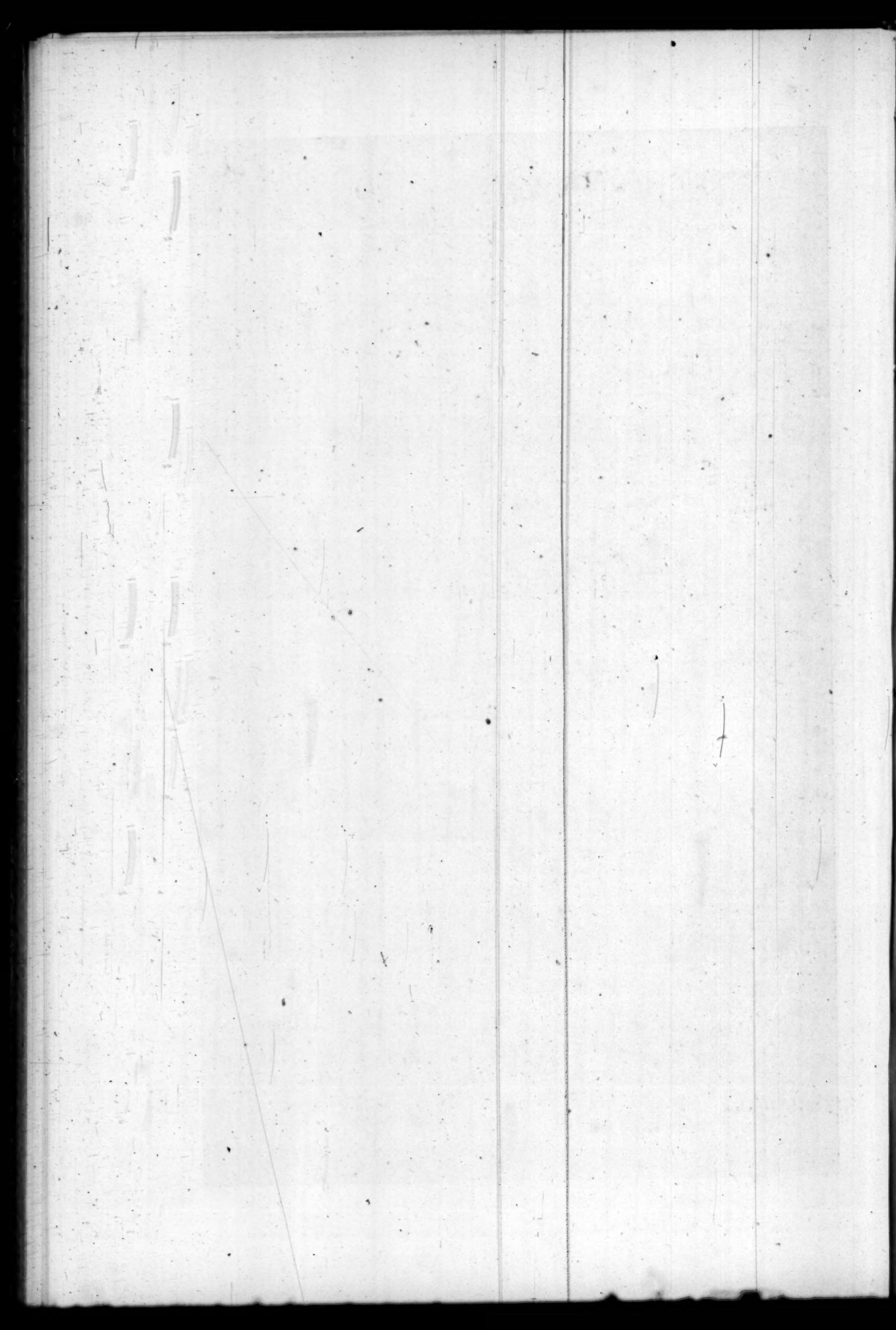
¶ 11

The firste Booke.

10.

¶ els with double Seas in course, I Istroms overcame,
And other shippes therby in flight, our fellowes so became.
¶ When Cyclades amased were and maruaile much did ta ke
How I among the rozing shouds, these veres yet cold make:
And now my selfe do wonder soze, that in such iaging waues,
Of mynd and Seas my verp wites, themselves from daunger saues.
¶ For heit meze with care hereof, or madnes we it call,
This study doth repell from wrnd my thoughts and sorrowes all.
¶ Oft times in donbifull mynd to cost, by stormy kyndes I was,
Oft times with Hierops Star h Sea, through threatening waues I pass.
¶ Athophilax, that keepes the beare, doth darkd the day at dawne,
And southwind with the waters feare, the Hiada hath drawne.
¶ Oft tymes some part therof did pas into my ship arfght,
¶ Yet tremblung I this wokul verse, with feareful hand do wrghie.
¶ Now with che Northren wynnes the ropes contented are to crake,
And like to hillies the Hollow Seas a lofty surging make.
¶ The mayster with his handes cast vp, doth pray with feareful hart,
Beholding then the heauenly starres forgerful of his art,
¶ On every syde we onely saw of Death the picture playne,
Which I in mynde did feare and yet so fearing wile agayne.
¶ God graunt I may to port arive, I feare the same right soze,
In water far lesse daunger is, then on that cursed shope.
¶ Of subtil snares of men and shouds, we stand in dycary dzeede,
The sword and Sea my wretched minde with double terrors feede.
¶ The one doth hope with guilkies blond a pray of me to make,
The other of my woefull death, the same woulde gladly take.
¶ On left side dwelth a people rude, whose myndes be bent to spoyle,
In blismelesse bloud, and slaughter feare, and cruel warres they boyle,
And while the washing waters are, with winter shouds so wrought,
Our mindes to greater tosse (thin Seas) by heauy hap be brought.
¶ Wherefore thou ought moze pardon here (O gentle Reader) haue.
¶ If these appeare, as sure it is much lesse then hope do craue.
¶ My Gardens now we want wherein, I wondred wes to wright,
The vse beddes my bodie lackes to rest the wery night.
¶ With bitter winter dares I am, in wicked waters thowre,
My papyrs pale, with surges soule, the grisly Seas haue knowne.
¶ The winter angry is that I, these veres dare indight,
And dreadfull threstnings casteth therie wif purpose so to spight.
¶ O man let winter vicer bee, in selfe same case I praye,
That I may cease my symple verse, and he his raging shope.

F I N I S.



Here beginneth the seconde B O O K E.

II.

To Augustus Cæsar. Elegies.

Alib you what thing haue I ado, my bookes my bokes care
Sith that my wits (o wretch) because y I of ipse disapeare.
My bokes condon ned mynes whyte repeate I now agaynes
And it is not enough, that I haue once thus slurred paynes
My bokes to a meane haue bene, by heauy hap so growne
That I (alas) on every syde, to man and wyse am knowne.
My bokes eke doth Cæsar note, me and my maners all,
Through peruers art which now of late in deepe disdaine is fall.
My painful studyes set asyde, no faulties of life remayne,
That guyly I imputed am, my bokes hath caused playne.
This we receive, as price of life, and labours greate of mynd,
And now my painful pynching paynes, in weyl wyl I fynde.
If wyse I were, I shold of right, the learned sesters blamis,
As greuous goddes to such as worship wil the same.
But madnes now with feuer feare, are toynd so in one,
That mindfull yet of former payne, my foote doth strike the bone.
Like as the wounded souldiour doth, resort the field unto,
Or as the wretched ship doth seeke, on swel yng seas to goe.
Perhaps like him, whiche once within, Teutranus realme did ryne,
The same which made this greenous wound, therof may easse the paine,
And angry muse which moved ire, the same likewyse remoue,
For weyng bokes do grace obtyne, at myghty Gods aboue,
The worthy dames of Italy, doth Cæsar wyl to pray,
To Ops whiche stately towres beare, and sounding bokes to say.
The like to Phœbus eke what if me, were playd the pleasant playes,
Whiche never ofter cold be sene, but once in one mens dayes.
Lo these (O gracious Cæsar now) as happy mynours haue,
And let my wittes moxe mulder wretch, of thee hereafter craue.
The same is iust I do confesse, noz my deserres denye,
For shame so far departed is from feareful face to sye.
But if I had offendid haught what could you then bellowet
My let therfore occasion is wherof that mercy grawe.
So ofteynimes as mortall men, in shulful faulties be found.
If loue shold strike he myght in syne lache hot wherwith to wounde.
But he when once with thondring norse, haue thcained soze the lande,
With sprynkled drops the cloudey ayre, is cleared out of hand.

3

3 God

Ouid de tristibus.

A God, a guyde, a father graue, of right he cald haue bene,
As myghte Ioue nothing so greate, in Wasty woldis is seene.
With thee also a father graue, and guyde in earth thy name,
Use then of Gods the maners myld, thy power it is the same,
The which full wel thou do, noz no man with moze equall hand,
The rightful reaues could better hold, wherwith to rule the land.
The Parthians proude thou did subdue, yet pardou oft bellow,
Whiche they to thee in case alike, would not haue geuen I knoow.
With worldly wealth and honours high, aduaunced many bee,
Whose guilty handes did weapons weare, in fielde aduerse to thee.
The day also with moued ire, thy wrach awaie did take,
Soperther part in sacred house, at once their offringes make.
And as the sondiour doth reioice, who did thy soes oppresse,
So haue the captiues cause pnough, to ioy at such distresse.
My cause yet better is: I weare no weapon so vntrue.
Noz enemipes guilty goods I do, with greedy lust pursue.
By seas, by land, by starris stye, lo here I make my bow.
By thee also that present is, a God to whom I bow.
That this good wil(o most of myght) haue ever bene to mee,
And as thyne owne with hart and soule, I sought alwayes to bee.
I wished oft that here thou myghte, in earth haue liued long.
And one I was that prayed thus amids the myghty thronge.
And sacrificce for this I gaue, and with myne owne assent,
When publique prayers were pronounc'd, to help to this entene.
My bookees my faulter factes also, what neede I haue in mynde,
Wherin thy name a thousand tymes, in open place I fynd.
Behold likewyse my greater woes, bneded as they bee,
Wher that transformed bodies are in wondrouis wise to se.
Ther shalt thou find by flitteryng fame, thy name haue had much praise,
There shalt thou finde by pledges greate of louing mind alwayes.
Thy glori yet no verse can well, augment in any wyle,
With nothing may thereto be put, whereby it might arysse.
Of Ioue the fame doth farre excede, yet doth it him delite,
Whan as the fame in stately verse, we seemly do endight.
If that by Spauntes bloudy warres of mention ought be hard,
We praysse therof he doth reioice, for truth we do regarde.
But thee do others honour more and as it seemeth fit.
Thy princely praysse and royall fame, do praysse with riper wile.
And as with sheding guillesse bloud, of bulles a hundred slayne:
Of God with smalllesse enience geuen, so grace we do obtaine.

O wicked

The second booke

IZ.

¶ wicked wight, ¶ tyrant frant, ¶ cruel cursed fo,
¶ that did my pleasant fancies make to the disclosed so.
¶ To verles which in bookes discrybe, to thee thyne honour due,
¶ From reader ought in iudgement iust, more fawoz to ensue,
¶ But if thou hap offendes be, who then dare be my friend?
¶ No sceni unto my selfe I should, my faythfull frendship lende.
¶ When as a house decayed is, and seiled on the syde,
¶ Then all the massy waight thereof, to yelding partes do syde.
¶ ¶ elsewhereas by fortunes forze, a chyncke therin is wayde.
¶ With praysle thereof in tract of time, the same is soone decayde.
¶ The great enuy of men so we, by hurfull verle do finde,
¶ And people be (as mee it is) to Cæsars syde enclynde.
¶ When as my life and maners pet, were more alowde I knowe,
¶ And by the booke the same I judge, which then thou did bestowe,
¶ The which although it profitis nought, noz honest praysle I haue,
¶ Yet from the name of cruel crime, my selfe I wyl to sauue.
¶ No cause to me committed was, of guilty men amys
¶ For judges ten times ten to loke, vpon whose office is,
¶ And priuate playnes without offence, as iudge I did decree
¶ With vnyght mynd the same I gaue, it will conselld be
¶ And that (¶ wzech) if latest decdes had not offendid more,
¶ Euen by thyne owne assent, I shold not once be sau'te before.
¶ The latest actes do me destroye, my ship which safelij sailde,
¶ In depchp and swallowing waues, through sturde Worme is sayde.
¶ No little part of whelming waues, oppreseth mee alone,
¶ But all the flocke of flowing flouds, and Ocean seas in one.
¶ Why saw I oughe myne eyes why haue, I guilty causd to bed
¶ Who is my fault unweeting I, now knowing se well to mee?
¶ The naech't Diana Acteon saw, vntwares as hee did pas,
¶ To hunger boundes a present pray, no whit the lesse he was
¶ For myghty gods do punishe thole, by chaunce that do offend,
¶ No; parson oug' t whare pouers be hurt, to such mishaps do lende,
¶ So in that day wherein I was with errour thus begyld,
¶ Our little house decayed is, with fault yet vndesyld.
¶ And little thought: ret of good fame, cuen in my fathers dares,
¶ For unto none inseriouit now, to honouris noble p;afte,
¶ Not for the wleth noz want therof, it can so well be knowne,
¶ For neyber can betwix wherof, our knighly name is growne.
¶ And be it by our byrth or rent our house be little namde,
¶ My wile and pagentis Audice cause abroade us haith bne faynde.

B 4

¶ Whiche

Ouid de tristibus.

Which though percase I seeme to vse, as young and wantonly,
Yet by that meane through wold so wode, my famous name do sye.
D: N also eke the name is knowne amidst the learned thronge,
Who dare of him the same recorde, no abiect men amonge.
This house therfore to muses great, in great decay is fall,
W^one offence and careful cryme, yet not accompted small.
But so decayd as rysle it may, if that the raging ire,
Of greeued Cesar waxeth ripe, to wounted vse retyre.
Whose gracious mercy is so greate, in iudgement of our payne,
That not so much as we did feare, we haue receiued playne
Our life is geuen and not my death, his gentle wrath doth craue,
With vsed power (O noble Prince) we pray therfore to saue.
I haue also with thyne assent, my fathers liuings all,
As though my life thou did accompt, a gylt that were to small.
My doleful deedes hast not condempnd, by Senates close assent,
Nor by decree of them opprest, in wretched exile sent.
With threatening wordes rebuking vice (as best a Prince beseeme)
Offences all thou dost reuenge and mercy so esteeme.
And those decrees which were pronounc'de in Ierne and a per wylle,
Yet in the name of lighter fault thou wylde it shoulde suffise.
Thus as dischargd and sent away, no exiles name I haue,
My happy dayes deppiung so, and life thereby to saue.
No payne o: greele so greeuous is, no trouble such of mynde.
As to displease so great a Prince his vengeance there to finde.
But Gods whilom moued were, sometimes appeased bee,
And scowling cloudes once d^retur^r allyde, a day ful fayre wee see.
The Elme which lately blasted was, deprived of his greene,
The clusted vines estrones to beare, full of entynmes is seene.
And though thou do so: bid to hope, we hope assur'd^rp.
This one thing yet may come to passe, though thou thereto denye
My hope encrease (O gentle Prince) when thee I do behold,
And eke decrease when I respect my faultes so manyfold.
The rosing rage of swelvynge seas, is not alake alwys,
For furies fierce doth euer last in tossing stremes to stay.
But sometymes be more calme and cleare, and cease they^r vsed toyle,
To make vs thinke the force wer lost, of bylowes boisterous boste.
So do my feares both, rysle and fall, sometime in doubt remayne,
In hope and dreade of thy good wi, to passe o: proue my payne.
For loue of Gods therfore whch geue, thee long and happy dayes,
(If they of noble Romaynes do esteeme thy name and praysle)

The second Booke.

13

For countrey eke which thou do kepe, as guide and farther deare,
Wherof my selfe a part I was, and thence now passed cleare.
To thee the stately towne so shal, with honoris dñe resound,
Who doest soz wite and famous factes, in wondrous wite abound.
So Liuia with thee remayne, and liue in wedded lyfe,
Whiche were but euē for thee alone a farre unwoorthē wyfe.
If thee were not, a single lyfe, shoulde best beseeme for thee,
For none there liues to whom thou myght a wedded husband be.
Of thee so shal a sonne in health, and thou in health to rayne,
Whiche may in the more elder age, an old man here remayne.
And bring to passe that happy Barres, through those thy noble deedes,
With newewē young shall still abide, that thee in realme succedes.
So viceroy which vised is, thy noble castis to,
Shal still be prest at hand alwayes, to custome ensignes goe.
He shall with wondē winges still flye, with gude of Lauis land,
On happy head a Laurell greene, shal set with semely hand
By whom thou famous warē do kepe, in person also fyghte,
To whom good lucke by thee is geuen, to Gods of matu'rous myght.
And thus i i myghtē towne art scene, as present halfe to bynde,
And halfe away in further partes, the bloudy wars to guyde.
A victor greare from foes subdu'de, he shal retourne to thee,
With crowned horse and triumphes braue, aduaunced shal hee be,
But spare we pray thy lighning feare and cruel shot by far,
Wherof (O wretched) we haue alas, to long now made assay,
Thou art our country farther deare, not mindes of this name,
We pray thee spare and graunt vs hope, in time to haue no blame.
To come agayne I do not crave, yet well beleue we may,
That mighty Gods more harder sulders, haue not denide alwaye.
A gentler kynd of exiles lyfe, and nerer place bellow,
Then of my paynes the greatest part would be assynd I know,
The furthest land I do approue, and cast among my foes,
Nor no man from his countrey that, so far an exile goest.
In hauen of seuenfold I stans Sea, alone here am I sent,
With frosty axe of Archadie, in cruell care am peat.
The Iazegies, the Colchiese, and all the Getan rout,
With Mercurius whom Danube Stream may stant from hence kepe out.
And though that diuers be driven forth, for much more greate offence,
Yet none to place more fer then I, is sent away from thence,
Wypond this land no thing ther is, saue cold and enimies fell,
With waters thinne of whelming sea, with frosty pise congell.

¶

Ouid de tristibus.

On left syde here Euxinians topon, to part of Romaine land,
And next the Easterns and the Savromes heye wuld cruell hand.
This is the land that latest came to rule of Romayne law,
And scantily any part thereof, thyne empire neare do draw.
Wherfore I humbly pray that we, be set in saulter sngle,
Least els with losse of countrey deare, we live in endles toyle.
So neede we not the nations s; are, whom I star shant deupde,
Noz as thy subiectes there be tane, with cruell soes to brde.
For no man borne of Latian blood can beare those barbarous bandes,
But that ther wil a burden bee vnto Cesarians handes
Two faulkes there are that haue me florne, erroz and my verse.
All other faulkes I thinke it good that I do not rehersse.
Thy greuous woundes (O Cesar) now renew I do not meane,
And that thou haue bewayld them once, so much I do rehersse.
Another part of cryme remaynes, a greuous fault for me,
I teacher of aduoutry soule, I charged am to bee,
Some thinges the Gods may well deceiue, then for to know is hard,
Of them for manys be so meane, that thou dost not regarde.
For while as loue beholdes the heauens, and myghty Gods also,
The smaller thing from lofty st;es, cannot respect vnto.
So many matters they escape, in bewing world so wryde,
That lesse affayres of meane wryght, from deauenly n inde do syde.
That is while thou a Prince be set, in Empire large to rayne,
Wher not entend fond verste to reade, and greater thinges disrayne.
The wryght wryght of Romayne name, do not so tighty moue,
No: pashle therof on back to beare, so litel bee behoue.
As thou with Godly power may marke, our fonde and foolish toyes,
With open eyes here to discusse, our ydle earthly toyes.
Somertyme Germania doth rebell, somertyme Illerians rayle,
Rhetia and the Thracian land, with civill warres also; le.
Somertyme Armenius craverh peace and Parthus wt upon yelde,
With fesckful bandes restoring of the ensignes won in feldes,
Germania the through instant young, a yong man the do take,
And Cesar doth full cruell warres, for myghty Cesar make.
In fine, of all thone empyre huge (which never was so large)
No part at all abated is, but stil ren aynes in charge.
The Cury great and sure defens, of custon is and of law,
Deth ilke the soe? whyle the thou sieches, there cowne more nere to draw.
The quiter state thou can not haue, which thou hast vold in land,
For troublous wars with nations great, thou dayly takes in hand.

Wherfore

The second Booke.

14.

Wherfore among such causes graue, I maruayle much and wisse,
That thou our wondred follies wold, with earnest eyes peruse.
But if thou had (as I do wylle) in sic ydylle there haue bene,
Then in myng art no fault at all, perhaps thou shoud haue scene.
The whiche I do confesse was not, deuyde with swete heade,
Nor matter meete that might deserue of such a prince be reade.
Yet be they not to lawes offence, nor gylyt of such blames,
But to instruct the pouchfull route, of noble Romayne dames.
Nor needest not my bookes to doubt, for in one of thole thre,
These verses lower whiche next approue, be set therin to see.
Stand you aloofe you vestal tapei, of shamefastnes the signes,
Geue place likewise ye purfled Paviles, that halfe on teete declynes
Of lawfull lot and skil allowyd, we onely do reounde,
For in our simple verse there shall, no subtil cryme be founde.
Lo do wze not all sober dames, from this our art expell?
Whom shole and tape forbiddeth playne with louely loue to melle?
But matrones may moze arteg tawent, although they be vntaught,
Wherby to make the chaste myndes, with wickednes be fraught.
No bookes therfore let matrons reade, whil all thinges be so straunge,
That they be turnde from vertuous vse, to fletch vice to chaunge.
Who so doth care all thinges to turne to wrong and wroter part,
To vices vse his maners chaunge, through wyl of workers herte.
For take in hand the Chrontche booke, then those nothing more graue,
How Ilia sayze a babe brought forth, to reade there shalt thou haue.
Dy if thou loke on Maroes workes, ther shalt thou see in light,
How Venus sayze a mother was vnto the Troyan Knight.
Yea further yet if all thinges may, likewyse accompted be.
No kynd of verse but may the wrynd, corrupt also we see.
Is guilty yet not every booke, we may therefore dispese,
For of ech thing that helpe procedes, doth harme also arysse.
Then are what thinge moze needfull is ther who so lokes in land,
The howses high to burne and spoile, the fyre he takes in hande.
Se P. N. lck sometimes greatly hurtes, somerymes doth heale right wel,
Of herbes that hurtful be or not, by faynt ful loze to tell.
The cheefe and were wafayring man, by syde a sword they haue.
The one to rob the simple wight, the other himselfe to sauue.
And R. thortis haue long tyme ben taught, to pleade for righteousness,
Per faulte folkes it oft defendes, and innocents oppresse.
Euen so who shall my vices reade, with eq uall vngly mynd,
Shal well perswade himselfe enough no hurt in them to fyde.

End

Quid de tristibus.

And who so thinkes he Anne conceyues, or byces hereof haue,
But erreth much, and wittinges myne, so much he doth depreue.
In sacred playes (I do confesse) be certayne wanton stes,
The stages therof do remoue, wheron the players stes.
What causes also haue bene geuen, of Anne and great mischaunce
In marshall fieldes and places greate where fighters do aduaunce?
Let Circus else b: set asyde, the use therof not good,
The maydeng chast thereena at playes, by men vuknown they stode.
Whilc men do come in selfesame path, where losers do resort,
Why then be porches set at large where all men may disport.
What place then temples is moxe large? yet is their cause of Anne,
If wicked myndes that so delytes, by hap be set therin.
For set in sacred house of loue perchaunce it may be seene,
What number great of mothers made, by mighty loue haue bene.
O: who shal in the Temples pray, of Lady luno true
The Gods shal there bewyking sees, and wanton Lemmings bewe.
So some wil aske that Pallas see, as they her picture pas,
How of her Erichthonius, by Anne conceiued was.
And comyng to the house shal see of Mars the heauenly wight,
Before the gates where Venus standes, cast by her worshyp knyght.
In his Church who chaunce, to sit wch hapyly aske in doubt,
By Ionian and the Bosphore seas, why luno sent her out.
For Venusthere Anchises is, for Luna Latinus old,
For Ceres doth Iatius stand, on whom thou maist beholde.
All these thinges therfore may corrupt, the wicked peruerse mynd,
Yet in their place ful harmles stand, not vzzed from ther kynd.
Far from this art which witten was, for wantondames behoue,
The formost leafe of that same booke, all modest hands remoue.
Who so therfore by hap offend, more then the Iueng chast:
With guilty men of fault forbode, shal he straignt wyes be plas?
No haynous act the wanton wryte, it is to lightly reeds,
For many thinges the chast may see which be abhord in deede.
The matrons graue do oft beholde, the baudy harlots loue,
How naked therre themselves they make, dame Venus pranke to proue.
The Westall eyes likewise they do, the Trompeis body see,
Yet to themselves by light therof, no paynes deserued bee
But why haue I so much (alas) my muse to wanton made?
O: what haue caused my wicked booke to louely loue perswade?
No thinge saue Anne and open fault, of loue I must confessse,
My wryt and stile I do accuse, as cause of my distresse.

The seconde Booke.

15.

Wher haue I not the Troyan towne, by Grecians whilom sacke,
In Asper verse the same renarde, and coulde that famous facte?
Wher spake I not of Thebas Siege, and wounded brethren twayne,
And how the seuen gates thereof, in sundry charge remayne?
And marshall Rome occasion gaue, whereof I shoulde endight,
A godly woorke it were for mee, my country facts to wright.
In fine: while that by thy deserts, all thinges so muche abounds,
A cause I had (O Caesar) why thy praysle I shoulde resounde.
Euen as the eyes delighted be, with beames of Phœbus bright,
So did thy facts my mynde entise, to take thereof delight.
As rightfullly I am reproou'de, in barren fiedle I cil'de,
That noble woorke is farre more large, with greater plentye cil'de,
For though the slender boate is bould, in smaller streme to play,
Yet like disport it dareth not in surginge seas assay.
And doubting that for greater thinges, my minde is farte vnift,
In ditties small it may suffice, that I doe shew my wit.
But if thou shoulde command to tell, of Giants greeuous woundes,
Which they through syre of loue did feele: the woorke my wit confoudes.
A fruicfull minde it doth requyre, of Caesars actes to wright,
Leasels perhaps with matter much, the woorke may want his right.
Which though I durst haue take in hande, yet dreading much amouge,
Thy noble power I might abate, which were to great a wronge.
To lighter woorke I therefore went, and youthfull verse addresed,
With layned loue a care I had, to seede my ficle brest.
Wher loth I was full longe to doe, but fates did so ordayne,
And deepe desire my mynde did moue, to purchase greeuous payne.
Why haue I learn'de? O wretched why haue, my parents taught me loyd
On letters small why haue I set, my wofull eyes before?
For this I am of thee enuide, by wanton arte aright,
Through which thou shinck'st thy chalke heads, be traind to soule delighe.
Whit none whom wedlocks yoke doth bind, this craft haue leard of me,
For who so nothinge knowes himselfe, no teacher can he be,
So heur I made both pleasant Toyes, and gentle facile verse,
As per in talke for by woxde leuds, no wight may me reherse.
Now none who liues in wedded life, amouge the common roughe.
That of himselfe a fater false, through my default doe dought.
My maners wilde repugnant are, to verse (belieue you mee)
My life both chalke and shainesall is, though must mox e pleasant bee.
And greatest part of those my woorkes, inuentions are vntrue,
For much mox e craft they doe allowe, then maker euer knewe.

Now wright

Ouid de tristibus.

Now written booke do not purport, th' affections of the mynde,
But honest will to yleasant myrth, to make the caues inclynde.
For Accius then in cruell deedes, Terentius should delight,
In bankers braye: and warriours be, of warres that do endight.
In fine: though diuers are with me, that tender loue haue mayde,
Yet I alone for it (O wretch) the yernes alone haue payde.
The amuse of Leryan olde, hath she not caught the skull?
With plenty great of Bacchus dewe, dame Venus neast to fill?
What hath dame Sappho Lesbia lestr' de, but maydens sayze to loue,
Yet Sappho still remayneth saulse, and he no yernes do proue.
What hath it thee (O Battis) hurt that reading of thy verse,
Thy yleasant yrons thou did confesse, and wanton toyes rebelle.
No fable founde but tels of loue, in great Menanders booke,
Yet is it red to Virgins yongue, and Woxes theron do looke.
What shall you rade in Ilias, but soule aduouterous life?
And feare affre of louers false, with toyle and endlesse strife,
Therein what is there set before, of Chresida the loue?
And of the mayde frō Capaynes caught, which anger great did move.
What is Odyssea els? but while Ulysses was awaie,
How of his wylle the loue to get, what Woers did assay.
What doth great Homer more report, but Mars to Venus bound,
And that they were in filthy bed, and soule aduoutry found.
By him haue we not knowledge caught, that moude with loues deare?
One straunger causde two Goddesses, to binne in secret syre?
Though Tragedies all waitinges do surmount, for matter grewe,
Yet euen in them occasions great, of loue alwayes we haue.
For in Hyppolitus the loue of Phedra do we finde,
And eke how constant Canace lou'de, her brother not unkinde.
What did not then kinge Pelops white, when Cupid forste his chaire,
With Phrygian horses feare convey, Hippodamia faire?
Provoked griesse through loues desyre, in forme so much it was, (pax,
That mothers causde theri cruell blude, through childzens blood to.
And loue a king with Lemian segge, in scibed soules did chaunge,
And made Sir Iulis mother mourne, with sythes, a sobbing straunge.
Is that Europaes brother vile, her loue did not requyre,
Wyth Phoebus: then we had not read, how horses did retrye.
Now Scylla shold haue so attayn'de, the Tragiche stile unto,
Unlesse that loue her father forste, his fatesl hearse forgo.
Whose life by hap Electran reades and made Orestes fit,
Aegistus faulnes noz Clytemnestras, unnes, he can forgoit.

Wher

The seconde Booke.

16

What neede I speake of Victor that Chymera did oppresse?
Who crafty gest did much annoy, to death almost distresse.
Who hath not spoke of Hermyone, and thee Chemyda tould,
Of Alcumene whom Mycene Duke, in loutinge brest did scould.
What Dancyes daughter in law, her selfe? what Bacchus Dame?
What Hermyona with her which caus'de, of one two Rightes became?
Of Duke Admete, of Theseus eke, what shold I here resounde,
Of Grecē whose ship did first arrive, on coast of Prgyian grounde.
Let Ioel come amoung the rest, with Deidamia faire,
With Hylas to and Ganimede, who did to heauen repayre.
No time would serue the Traiecke syres, if I for them shold looke,
Whose names alone could not be set, within this carefull booke.
And Tragedies the laughters soule, prouoke in sundry wylle.
Pea shamelesse woordes full many a one, because of them arysse.
What hath it hindred him that did, the feare Achill abuse?
For which his valiaunt deedes were lost, and force did him refuse.
Aristides the filthy factes, of sondy Myselfis tould,
Yet from his towne was not exild, nor in such wylle contould.
Nor Eubius a writer great, of hystoryes vncleane,
How mothers might their seede consume, by foule and filthy meane.
Nor he who wrote the booke, which men, Sabaria haue nam'de,
Nor they whose owne aduouterous deedes, to tell were not ashame.
All these with graue and auncient sawes, of learned men be vs'de,
The factes apparent be yet not, to princes so resul'de.
Nor I these forrayne factes alone for my defence do finde,
But euen in Romayne booke I reade, the toyes of wanton wylde.
As Eonius graue who wonted was, of myghty Mars to tell,
Eonius though boyde of arte, in wit he did excell.
Lucretius eke the cause discuss, of scarce consuminge flame,
And triple wroke he did dewine, of which procee'de the same.
So did Catullus wanton man, his Lemmians prayse restight,
Whose name in deede hee chaunged haue, and Lesbia therfore hight.
Nor yet contented so but did, of Harlots mo rcherse,
With whom aduoutry wyle he did, confess in open verse.
Like lawles life did Caluus leade, whose stature was but small,
By sundry meanes disclosing then, his filthy doinges all.
What shold I speake of Tyndales stile, and Memnus verse also,
Who wrotinge of vnbonest actes, their names haue put vnto.
And Cina here a fellow is, and Anser light as hee,
And Cornificius wanton, wroke, and Catoces eke wee see.

And hee

Ouid de tristibus.

And he who in Phaecean seeq, that Argos whilom brought,
His secrete deedes could not keepe in, which he before had wrought.
Hortensius and Sulpitius factis, lascivious be likewise,
And such greue men who followeth not, or doth their deedes despite.
Silenus did Mylesian bookees, reduce to Romayne verse,
No paynes he proued yet, though fillyng factis he did rehersse.
Noz Gallus though Lycoris feast he did oft times adoe,
Was blamed ought: but deemed dymunche, with wyne he bidd before.
To women's other small trus to hane, Tibullus whilom wold,
Noz of them selues what they dent'd, no husband credit shold.
For keepers eke of virgins chast, a fraud he did confesse,
And now (O wretch) throught selfe same art, is dixuen to deepe distresse.
And as he wold of signes sayre, or Jewels vertue finde,
By craft whercof his mystresse hand, to touch he beares in minde.
By priuy porncies and crafty bicks, to shewe they secrete mynde,
He also taught: and subtile notes, in trenchers sayre to finde.
And by the sap of certayne herbes, how wraich is set a syde,
Whereas the same throught mutual mouthes, by stekis of teeth do glide,
And eke how they shold plentie great, of foolishe husbands crawe,
Whereby the lesse they might offend, and lesse occasion hane.
At whom also the dogges, do barkie, when men that way are gone,
And secret hemmes he taught to knowe, when he did passe alone.
Full many a crafty loze he learn'de, whicch wemen did receive,
Euen by, what art the wedded wyues, their husbands might deceyue.
For these yet no rebuke he had, his workes apparant bee,
And well alow'de, to thee our Prince, are not unknowen we see.
Propertius like preceptes haue geruen, which be apparant platne,
No checke or frowninge looke bee did, for that although sustaine.
And many more I did succede, who (sith they liue in same)
I will not now in open verse, recite them by their nature,
I feared not (I do confesse) amoung so great a sayle,
My onely shipp to perishe quite, and none but shs to sayle.
And other artes with trouling dice, so divers written haue.
Throught which no small offence is cast, vpon your grand Sirs greue.
How that thou may by subtil meane, the greatest number throw,
And dogged poinctes may best eschew, throught crafty arte to know.
In Tables play what markes asyle, or hurifull are likewise,
A skill they haue to use the good, and losunge poinctis dispise.
And how the knight in coulter clad, doth rage in right soors way,
When middle man throught ennemis iwayne, assault is made a pray.

And how

The second Booke.

17

And how they best may march abroade, or forwon make retyre,
From none alone from waide to pale, for feare of hurfull byre.
A game also with little stome, so plaste on table small,
Where at he winneth that maketh all thre, in one straight line to fall.
And other playes devuled be (nor all to tell I meane)
Through which our time a thinge most deare, is so consumed cleane.
And other tellith the forme of Wallis, and skill of Tennis playes,
And some the Swimming arte both show, and some the toppe assayes.
The craft with coulter blacke to Gayne, do tivers take in hand.
Of basket bowers and houshould lawes, haue others devely shand.
Of earth doe others reach the vse, wherof the cuppes do make,
And which the wyns preserves and which, will other liquors take.
Such kinde of sportes in smoky mouth, of colds Decemberes day,
Are vseth yet: nor maker none, for them the paynes doe pay.
Through these examples so I haue no weeping breses mayde,
But weeping paynes for plaunting sportes, I haue alas assayd.
In syne: among these wryters all, I can perceave not one,
To whom his wrythe haue hurfull bene, nyp selfe except alone.
What if I shold the filthie playes, of rayling Tellers wryght,
Wherin the faultes of fayned loue, be set alwaies in Oght,
And where the vicious man comes forth, in garments fresh and braue.
And wylly wryfe her foolish mate, by sleight deceyued haue,
Lo these: both mayd, wryfe, and man, with seely children see,
And oftentimes the senare whole, in parson present bee,
The which alone with shameles speache, do not desile the care,
But filthie faces before the eyes they haue disclosed there.
And when the louer by his craft the husband doth begyle,
They clap their hands with wondrous ioy, and great retoryng stye.
And that although iesse needfull is: for Poets greedyn gayne,
The Peter will of forged playes, with charge the slight entayne.
Beholde of Playes the great expence (O Caesar) and the charge,
Which thou hast payd, thou shalt perceue, y same haue ben right large.
Lo these thy selfe full oft haue seene, and shewed to others playne,
By myselfe so lowly is, the grace nothing misdayne.
The roiall eyes therewith thou doe, the totall world beholde,
Th' art ultra byre haue gladly seene, which that in Scene is to be,
Wherfore is lawfull that it be, that Tellers so may wright
My deedes iesse paynes deserue, they do more honest actes iestight.
But is that kind of wryting faire, for Bulpers haue regard?
And what the sage haue lawfull mate, from Tellers no regard?

C.

50

Ouid de tristibus.

So haue the people daunced oft, when songe my porches beeene,
With open eyes the same also, thy selfe oft times haue seene.
Even as the auncient pictures made, by craft of workemens hand,
With glistering glōe be set in sight, within your house to stand.
In them so be their tables small, in priuate place I know,
With sundry shapes and secret deedes, of Lady Venus shew.
And as the treall Aiax was, with th. earring browes all bent,
Even as the Barbous mothers eye, to wicked act is bent,
Even so the warry Venus was, her dempish hayres to dry,
And sometimes seemes in mother scas, away from sight to fly.
And others be which cruel wretches, wþh weapons sharpe do tell,
Yea some th. v graundsters deedes & some thine owne do show right well.
In narrowe space the hatefull wight, dame Nature hath me pent,
Who to my wæfull wailing wretches, but slender force haue sent.
O happy pet for him it was Æneados did wright,
Who Morian heads wth mighty men, and weapon derce reslght.
No part of all which famous worse, the readers do delight,
So much: as that, where lone was lunkit againe all honest right.
Of Phyllis he likewise haue tould, and Amaryllis lone,
In yowthfull yeaþes he sought his minde, wþh Bucolickes to moue.
And we who haue by writing these, committed greeuous sinne,
Our sinfull factes much elder be, though paynes but now beginne.
I veres also made when thou offences haue contrould,
A knight by thee to passe oft times, I wodde of checke was bould.
Wherefore I young and wanting witt in that no daunger thought,
Which now to me in elder age, more hurtfull care haue brought.
I new revenging paynes I leele for auncient written Art,
The persecucion differeth far from time of my desart.
Yet of my woarkes you may beleue, more wayghty burdens beare,
For oftentimes more masse layles, my ship sustayned ther.
For bookees twylle for I witten haue, and Faſto, did them name,
In number like of monthes were made, and ended in the same.
And that, that through my heawy late, I did (O Cæſar) make,
Wherein I highly honoured thee, when I my way did take.
For T. agiþe will in rōall verſe we also did endight,
Wherein no waighty wordes do want, that stately stile shold light.
In verſe likewise we tould, althoþe the workes imperfect bee,
Where sundry shapes transformed are, and chaunged bodys scene.
But wold to God thy wch a wile, from me thou wold remoue,
And that of th. e same part to reade, thou woldest mit behoue.

The wo, be

The wozke whiche at the wozdes wypysse his firs beginning hab,
 To aby n.ost famous rargne I brought, and wrou (O Caesar) glad.
 There hast thou finde what soze of wit, on me thow v. shon. is red,
 And with what minde for thee and thine, to write I haue assyed,
 I do no man wþt byting verſe, or churlish cheche disvayne,
 Nor no mans guilty factes there doth, wþhin my wozkes remayne.
 From suball roys I guilties am, that ten yere be wþt gall,
 Nor in my verſe no venyme fell, wþt myrth is myrth at all.
 Among so many thousand men, wþt verſes n any a one,
 My learned muse haue hundred none (n y fullie except alone)
 At my misfap I gelle therfore, no Romayne doth retorne,
 But much bewayle our sondre woes, with one lamenting boþce,
 Nor no man would I thinke be sad, in this n.þ foray chaunce,
 If mercy me throught guylies like to greater eale aduance.
 Lo these with many more I wylle, may perce thy heauenly brest,
 (O father deare) O sure defens, our countreyes only rest.
 To Italy I would not turne, unlesse in longer space,
 Throught greater parnes of thee perhaps, we n ay deserve more gracie.
 More safer place for Exiles life, and gentler rest I crave,
 So shall my faults and carefull crimes, they due descrutinges haue,

FINIS.

The third Booke,

¶ The booke to the Reader.
 Elegia. 1.

I ^þ Fearfull wþſe an Exiles booke am ſent the towne to ſee,
 Thy helping hand, to weary friend (O Reader) lend thou mee.
 Nor doubt thou not leſt I be cauſe, perhaps to worke thy ſaue,
 No verſe in it is doth reſon to loue, wherby to ſoſte the ſame,
 Nor maisters fortune hath ben ſuch, as a knyght wight,
 That he wth Jesters or pleſantrie toke, or grette ſtrife ſet ſights,
 And that wch he in greter yeare, laſt n.ore trickeyly,
 To late (O wotfull wylde) doth new, wth haſtfull herte defy.
 Behold therfore what I do bring, ſore ſorowrought al,
 Such a bitter triste in wriþing worder, as doth to runn betell,
 Ecce other herte ſhyngh heſte, it a heſte in light to ſee,
 The weaþy roote of iengit of war, the cauſe that of haue deeng.

Ouid de tristibus.

I am not staynd in Cedars say nor wrought with Prince bright,
For shame it were to be more braue then master may with right.
The letters sad wherof the blots, bereft of wonted grace,
The sorry teares that worke hath hurt, which fell from Poets face:
If any word he wretched haue, from light of latin sense,
The barbous land haue forst thereto, and cause proceded thence,
Then tell, if parne be none which war, (O Warer) is most sure,
And by what steps a strangers booke, my passage may procure.
Whyle these I speake with stammering tongue, and closely all alone,
My tourney, lo: that tolde there was among them all but one.
God graunt thou may, which Naso to hath bene denide playne,
That in thy country here maist bide, and quiet rest obtaine.
Guyd one I shall pursue, although by seas and land I sought,
All tyed long my wry feete, from furth th country brought.
Dreping then and passing forth (quoth he) this is the gate,
Of Cæsars Court: and war the name, from Gods haue growen but late
This is the vntale place that keepes daime Pallas and the tyre,
This is the Wallace small, whereto King Numa did aspyre.
From hence on left syde looke (quoth he) Saturnus house do stande.
Heere Romulus the losty Rome to build did take in hand.
And wondring much: forthwith in sight I gluering armour spyde,
And royall gates with heavenly bowers, in perfect view descriyde.
Behold of loue the house (quoth he) which we may so deuine,
By royall Crowne of Oken tree, that high thereon do shone.
His name once hard forthwith I sayd, we haue deuided well,
O mighty loue it is the house, and he therein do dwelle.
But lo, what cause the noble gates, be hid with Lawrell green?
O: why the tree with banches spred, hath made his bire vnsene?
For that this house of triumphes brane, deserues eternall fame?
O: els because Apollo great, doth dearely loue the same?
O: that it sacred is? or els all thinges of it must neede?
O: els of peace the tokenys playne, on totall earth do spreede?
For as the Lawrell green do growe, and never fades away,
So euolente honor here remaynes, which yeldes to no decay.
The letters eke which written be, about the Stanley Crowne,
The enigmes be of his defens, the Citizens haue foun.

One saythfull man except alone who drayuen full far away,
Doth lurk aloose in furthest land, oprest in deere decay.
Who though he doth confesse himselfe to haue deserued playne,
No wicked deede was cause thereof but error proued playne,

At rore

The thirde booke

18.

At royal place and mighty man, O wretched for seare I shake,
And doleful workfull letters smal, through tremblyng dread do quake,
Thou dost behold to sickly hew, my paper pale do cheunge,
And doth regardre ech other boote, to hast with trembling draung.
And at what tyme before the loytes and rulers of the place,
In sight thou halde set, I pray thee please thy parentes case.
From thence with slender pawling pace, to lofty steps was brought,
And stately Temples built do his, of great Apollo sought.
Curn where on mighty pillars playne, the noble picture stonde.
Belides and the cruel syre, with naked sword in hand.
And where the auncient writers cascade, with learned hande did wryte,
Which readers all may there behold, and there do stand in sight.
My brethren there I looked for, saue those I cold not finde,
Who bygyn the father did repente, and so did with in mynd.
And seeking there in bayne aboue, the keper of the place,
Did wil me from those sacred staules, to passe with sped pace.
Temples next which turned were, in haste I did depart,
From whence my seete were for to flee, for feare of further smart.
For that which wanted was alway, the learned booke to take,
Would suffer me to touch the same, but clereley did forsake,
The heauy fate of wretched spers, to offspring doth descend,
And fathers fearful flighe to vs, his chldren doth extend.
Yet may it hap in tyme to come, through length of longer space,
That we and he of Cesar may obayne more wilde grace
The Gods for this I pray, and ye: (saue Cesar none at all)
That they with heauenly ears attend to this our humble call.
And seyng that the publique staules, to vs denied dene,
In priuate place it may be free, to lurke therin vnsene.
And you also ye simple handes (if it s lawful bee)
Our careful verte receive like wryte with modesters to see,
And was it then my destines, the Syrhean land to set
And in that land that baderlieth, the Northen poate to be.
Not to your poer sacred Memphis, and learned cunning flocke.
Our succour shewed: which boast your selfe, of dame Diana,
Nor that deuonde of very cryme, I wrote did profit ought,
And eke my male more wanton far, then lyfe I euer sought,
Wat after perils many pale, by seas and land with payne,
In Pontus Ie dyde by with cold, age laung, I remayne.
And Ie that borne to quiette, a quodding busynesse people,
Full tender and impacient was of labours pinching toyle.

Ouid de tristibus.

Extremes I suffer now, nor me, the ~~ke~~ less depre~~re~~ute of people,
Nor sundry waues cold yet destroy by which I made resort.
But il^s my mynd resuled haue, of which my body w^ome,
Repay^zes his force and suffreth thinges, shant able to be borne.
Yet while with windes and whelming waues, I doubtfully am to^u,
My gryping cares and heauy hart, with trausyle great is lost.
But when my way was ended once, and Journeing w^oz began red,
And I a land wherein to wayle my greuous payne possell.
Naught els but weepe I would, nor from myne eyes a smaller shewe,
Did flow: then when the spring tyme warme, doth winter snow deuoure.
My house and Rome remember I w^osh want of wonted place,
And whatsoeuer thing of myne doth citty least embrase.
O heauy chaunce so oft ahlas, as I haue knockt on gate,
Of greedy graue, but yet no tyne could enter in therat.
Why haue I scapt so many swordes, so oft with threynyngh d^rade?
Why haith not sturdy stourme o^rwhelmed this my vnhappy head?
O Gods whom I to v^rathful, and in wrath to constant proue,
Pertakers of displeasours whiche, one on^r god doth moue.
Hast on, prouoke I humbly pray, the lirring longed fates,
And let not death be hable est to shut his griesly Gates.

To his w^rife Elegie.3.

I f^ratursyle ought (my louing w^rif) by mynd e perhyps detaynes
Why others hand these letters w^rite, my sicknes caused plaine.
In parties extreme of furthest land, with feuer soze opprest,
Of wonted health I was almost with deadly double distrest.
What mynd thinkes thou I had when so to region rude I lay,
Betwix the Savromes and the Getes, was forced here to stay,
The ayre thick could not be borne, nor w^raters vsed bee,
And land it selfe I know not how to nature disagree.
No houses apt nor meat for such, whom sicknes doth agrive,
Nor none that could by phisiches art my deepe disease relieve.
So sturd that might my mynd conseru, nor druge with wordes awaie,
The lirring tyme to pas with sped, and greuous paynes alay.
All tyred thus in furthest place and landes my b^reding haue,
And each thinge clearly wanting there, w^re longing mynd do craue.
Per though nothing my wish did want (O w^rife thou art most deare)
And of my b^rest thou dost possesse and hold the place most neare.
To thee alone though ab^rent faire, my bo^rde by name doth call,
No day but full of thee I haue, nor fownd of ought at all.

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The thirde booke

19.

Did though oft tymes occasion mooues, to speake of other thinges,
As mad my ongrie thy name doth touche, and forch the same it bringes.
Yea though I sounded were and tongue, to mouth were fixed sure,
And that no drop of pleasaunt wynes, could eft the same recure.
Yet hearing that my mistres deare, to presence should be brougthe,
I rouse my selfe: so; hope and cause of, strength thereby is wrought.
Whyle I in doubt of lyfe to mayne, thou passest pleasaunt dayes,
Waetting cleare of sorowes myne, percase thou none assayes.
Yet doe I thou not I dare, affirme: (O thou my dearest wif)
I asorrowes sad me absent farre, thou leades, thyn only lyfe.
But when as fate my2 yeres fullfilde, which it so ought of right,
And when as lyke my corpes hath left, & death perform'de his spight.
What ioy should it be then (O Gods) to graunt to my desire,
O. At mynes ground to ende my dayes, and course therelin entye.
O would that either these my paynes, might yet haue had delay,
Or ellis that hastynge death had come, before I past away,
In a health not long agoe it might, my lyfe haue tane from mee,
But now an exile here to dye, these pardons graunted bee.
So farre away shall wee be forst, to dye in Land vnknowen?
O; shall the place inforce my fate, with greater sorowes growen?
Shall not my corps in wonted bedes, consume wyth deadly wound?
O; shall there none my death bewayle when layd I am on ground?
Shall not my mygresse sorry teares, vpon my face let fall?
No; shall the same wyth lyving sence, my time prolong at all?
Shall not I make my due requestes? no; at the latest cry?
With friendly hand shall she not shut, and close my passing eye?
But shall my head of funeralles, bereft and noble graue?
And heere in greedy ground be put, and no lamenting haue?
Wilt not thou hearing this of me, with minde amazed stand?
And faythfull breast with wayghty strokes, wil刺ke with fearesful hand
And hytherwardes in wayne although, thy wofull armes stretch out?
And on thy wretched husbandes name, to cry will nothing doubt?
Yet spare thy cheekees (myne own sweete heart) & lourly lookes to rend,
This time not first that I from thee, was forst away to bende.
When as my countrey deare I lost, thinck then I did away,
The fift and greatest death I doe, eftcom me the same alway.
Now if thou can: which thou cannot, (my best beloued wif)
Brioyce my death the ende of woes, that so molested lyfe.
And would my soule with body might, consumed bee in one,
So then no part from flasching flames, escaped be alone.

C.4.

19.

Quid de tristibus.

For if the spryte do not depart,, but flies aloft in skyes,
And that Pythagoras auncient sawes, as false we not dispysse.
My Romayne loue shall wonder then, even with the Scyilian Ghoul,
And be among the furiorz spyrtes, shall byde alwayes at Os.
Yet cause that all my lifelesse boanes, be put in one small pot,
So shall I not altho ghe now dead, an exile be, I wot.
For no man did forbid, that when, Thiocles whilom sleyne,
Antigones should bury him, though king denide it playne.
And mixe my boanes with powder dyr, of sweete Ammonis tree,
And in the Gubbubies of the towne, let them reposid bee.
And letters great in Marble grau'de, with seemely verse devise,
Whiche on my Tombe the passers by, may well discerne with eyes,

EPITAPHE

Here Naso now belold I lye, that wrote of tender loue,
A Poet leard, whose wits were cause þ deth did him remoue
And who so here a louer comes, say thus, if Payne be none,
God graunt that Nasoes boanes abyde, in quiet rest eternall.

On Tombe these shall suffice; but yet, my bookes shall lenger byde,
As monumentes of mee, whiche that, no tract of time shall lypde.
And those whiche Author hured haue, yet hope I through the same,
My tyme shall more pialorded bee, with much encrafte of fame.
Yet on my Corpse the due desernes of funeralls below,
And on the werry Garlandes see, thy bluer teares do flow.
And though the fyre doth my Corpse, to ashes pale conuert,
Yet shall the soþy sparkes approue, thy godly loving hart.
And now receive this last farewell, perhaps, that I shall make,
The whiche altho ghe to thee I send, my selfe cannot perishe.

To his friend, that hee shalld eschewe
the company of great men.

Elegia. 4.

O Desire in deede alwayes to mee, but in this tyme distrest,
How trusty wylde once myne estate, so sore haue Ied opprest,
If ought thou see thy friend betwix, well taught by practise prooue,
Lieue to thy selfe, from haughty names, of right, fere thou aleaste.
Lieue to thy selfe, and for thy power, great not leue eschewe,
Right noble is the Castle whence, this cruel lightning flew,
For though in handes of mighty mer, to helpe alone it liet,
They do not helpe, but rather hurt, in worsle wicked wylle.

Ch

The thirde Booke.

20

The shyp whose shyp is stricken lowe, escapes the stormy blast,
But slacky shyp and broade exent, more scare then lesser tasse.
Thou see'ld how Cokke with litle waight on top of water fleties,
When heawy leade through paile,ur selfe, and nets in botome wce.es.
If I my selfe these warninges with, had warned bene of tht,
The towne where right doth will me dwelt, perhaps I shoud not mis.
Whil'st yet with thee I dwelt, and whil'st the prpeling wnde bee put,
This boate of myne, through calmy seas, her quiet way she cut.
Who falleth on even ground (as scant, the same doth euer chaunce.)
So falleth as when to earth it comes, may by agayne aduaunce.
But that poore soule Elpenor fell, a downe from height of Hall.
Whose mournefull spypite his king unto, appeared after fall.
What meue it then that Dedalus,his winges could flicker safe?
And Icarus to large seas,his nome assygned gafe.
Farsooth because aloft this one : that other flew below,
For both of them did others winges, their shdes vpon below.
Believe me this who hidden well : hath lurk, he liueth well,
And eche man ought wirkin his lot, to him apponited dwell.
Eumenides shoud not, bewt Chidles,if his foolishhe sonne,
Had not so muche desired on, Achilles horse to runne.
And M. ior. the Phoen. he Farber still had bene,
His sonnes in syre his Daughters and in trees shoud not haue seene.
So then likewise for ruck seare, to losy maners high,
And draw together I thee pray, the sailes of purpose nigh.
For thou well wox thy art soorthwith, vnsprunged foote to runne,
The course of lyfe ; and haue thy fate, more fauourably spunne.
With gentle loue that I shoud pray, for thee thou doest deserve,
And saythfull sayth that will from me, at no tyme ever swerve.
With countnaunce like my carefull case. I saw thee to lamente,
As well it may beleue'd be, my face did represent.
I saw thy testes with trickling fall, vpon my vysage sed,
Which al at once were poured forth, with trusly wordes thou had.
Now thou also thy friend remou'de, with diligence defendes,
And als which scant may eas'd bee, with instigating vndes.
Will worde of Enyp see thou lyng, without renoune dispatch,
The pearees in quiet and thy selfe, with equall friendshyp it atch.
And loue the name of Naso thine, whch thng is yet alone,
Unbouned remoueness, the rest, in Scythia seas be gone.
In land which nerest iornes to starre, of Erymanthus beare,
I byde, where frost congealed hard, the grounde with cold do reare.

Ch.

Ouid de tristibus.

The Bospher Creame and Tanais, with other lakes there bee,
In Scythia sea and names a few, of place shant knowne to mee.
And eke there is nothing saue cold, whitch none can saulselfe byde,
Alas how neare the furthest land, approacheth to my spdd.
But far awaþ my country is, and far my dearest wyfe,
And what thing els besydes these tws, was pleasaunt in my lyfe?
Gien so these thinges be absent as, the same I cannot get,
In body: but in mynde they may, be all beholded yet.
Before myne eyes my house and towne, and somme of places shew.
And cuery place together wþth, their deedes I shortly know.
Before myne eyes like as my wife, in present shape appeares,
My state she greuous presseth downe, and by agayne she reares.
She absent greeues, but lighter makes, that lasting loue she lends,
I ad heauy charge vpon her tapte, she constantly defends.
So you (O friende) full armely stiche, within my fixed hart,
Whom I desyre to speake vnto, by eche mans name apart.
Wat fayning feare that is beware, my dutþ dus doth let,
And you I chyncke unwilling would, within my verse be set.
Vlore you would and did regard, it as thy loue most kynde,
That in my brest the Reader might, your names so placed finde.
Whiche thing because is doubtfull now, in secret brest eche one,
I shall talke with and will because, of quaking feare to none.
Hoc in my verse my hidden friendes, betraying forth I will,
Expresse: if any priuily, haue loued loue he still.
Know this although in Begoton forre, is now my resting place,
With all my hart you inwardly, I euermore embrace.
And by such meanes as eche man may, reliev me ille I pray,
Your faythfull hand to friend outcast, in grieue do not denay.
So prosper fortune vnto you, and happy still remayne,
As never in like lot the saue, to aske yet may be fayne.

To his Friend. Elegia. 5.

O Ur vse of friendship hath bene such, that thou with little shame,
Through smal acquaintance growe before, might wel haue clokht þ
In former bands of friendshys law, unlesse thou had'st ben ride, (saue.
When that my ship on safer Creame, wþth happy wynde did slide.
But when I fell, eche man for feare, did shun my diepe decay,
And wondred friendes their wþly backes, from me they turn'de awaþ.
Yet were thou bold my blasted boones, with flasch of loue his syre,
To touche, and to my heauy house, with willing minde retayre.

Chas

The thirde Booke.

21

That thou but lately knowne personour me, my elder mates restraind
Of whom stant two or three that now to me poore wretched remaynd.
The sorw lokes my selfe I saw, and gaue to them regard,
The face with teares lyke myne embrawde, and palenes welmeare mard,
Thy doleful drops I breste in mynd, and woful wordes echone,
In mouth the teares, in eares thy wordes, ful deepeley now be gone.
My naked necke with heauy armes thou friendly didst embrase.
With sighting sobs did knesse heape vpon my fearful face.
Yea absent now (O frennd) I am by force of the p[ro]tected,
Thou knowest y frennd thy name excludes, which may not be detected.
And many tokenes moxe I markt, of thy vncloshed loue.
Which in my brest I kepe ful close, and shal not thence remoue.
God graunt thou may in quiet state thy frenndes defend alway,
Whom now in better case thou helpest of paynes to haue alay.
Yet if that any shall enquier (as like they will do sone)
What lyke I leade in this meane space by fortune all fordone.
Say that some little hope I haue, that Gods will graunt more grace,
From which do not withdraw thyne ayde if thou dost come in place.
And whether it, I w[ro]ngfull crave, or that I do deserue,
In what thou may helpe thou thereto, and do not lightly swerue.
And looke what shill in cunning speach, thou learned hast before
Hereon see that thou dost bestow to helpe my cause the moxe.
How much a man moxe noble is, so much moxe free from ire,
In valtant hart is sonest quencht the rage of furious f[ire].
It doth suffice the Lyon fierce to see his enemy yelde,
And not to see the couching boe, that prostrat lies in feld.
Yet doth the Wolfe and Were dispyle the yelding yar in place,
And eke each other brutish beast that springes of ruber race.
For what then great Achill wes had in moxe renowned fame?
And he at Troy old Priams teares, did not behold for shame.
Of Alexanders mercies great, ful sure recordes we haue.
By noble Pharos which doth stand depaynted on his graue.
I know the rage of noble myndes to mete lightly goe,
For Juno sonne in law he is, that was her mortall boe,
In fine of grace no signes I see, that d[is]p[re]tes me to distrust,
For that my fault no death deserves, of lawes that be so iust.
I haue not sought Augustus life, with treason wyle to slay,
Of totall earth the only head to whom all men obey.
I haught haue sayd, for debting tongue, haue spoken eught an iuste.
If I therfore offendid haue the wile the cauler is.

22

Quid de tristibus.

My gullies ought my payne haue wrought, which I therefore do blame,
From looking eyss my griefe doth grow, even thus proceedes the same.
Yet can I not my sundry crimes, defend agaynst all right,
But part of them is error payne and vnde of wilfull spight.
This hope therefore remayneth yet, in time to get such grace,
So shall my paynes procure release, by force of chaunged place.
Waldo to mee by shynng starre, which shewes before the Sonne,
Rynging red with hys letys goe, this message myght be done.

To his most familiar friende.

Elegia. 9.

Our leage of loue (O dearest friende) in firmest friendshipe knyt,
Thou will not, nor if happy wold, thou can dissemble it.
To mee so long as lawfull was, none other goodes more deare,
Nys any was in all the towne with mee contaynde so neare.
This loue among the people thicke, so openly was blouen,
That almost more than thou o I, the same appeared knownen.
Thy kindnesse thynr of gentle heart, vnto thy friend are prest,
The man had throughly tryed whom, thou, doest loue aboue the rest.
Nothing thou couldst so couert keepe, but I of counsayle was,
And sundry secrets beare in brest, in common not to passe.
Thou only wert the man from whom, no priuyn I hid,
(That one excep: ablas) which mee all vterly vndid.
Whch hadst thou with the fellow shold in saugard thee haue serued.
I shold (O friend) though thy aduise, from faulte never swerued,
But me my deuines dyre did draw, vnto this passing payne.
They surely shut eche way to me, that profit coulde contayne.
And whether I this mischiese myght, in being ware auoyde,
O; els the wyses which destnies will, by no meanes be destroyde,
Yet thou to vs that fixed art, wþt long acquayntance last,
Welneere are greatest part I want, of all my pleasures past.
Remember now if fauour can, thy power ought increase,
To proue what it for mee may doe, we pray thee never cease.
That Godhead once offendred wold, his anger somewhat frayne,
That place appoynted chaunged est, myght partly eas my payne.
That if with fulfull wickednes, my brest do not abound,
And error be beginner of, my chiefe accyng found.
My mynde as his most hurtfull wonnde, doth feare that althys tyme,
Thy griefe agayne renuech eke, remembryng of the cryme.
And whatsoever able is, mee with such shame to spight,
It shold behoue it hydden were in darkesone closed night,

Mouthe

The thirde Booke.

22

roughtels therefore declare I will save onely sh: or I haue,
But in such sh: no ryche rewarde, no; other gayne to craue.
And this my fault men rightly may, and oughe my folly name,
If verynames and true to thinges, they aply seeke to fraine.
Whiche if they be not even so, then looke the furthest cost,
Foyr my abode, let this land be, my subburbes vittermost.

To his daughter. Elegie. 7.

You written letters now prepare, the Haroldes of my mynde,
To see Perhilla how sh: fares, wþth hast I haue assyngde.
You shall her ande, full sadly set, fall by her mother swetie,
þz els among her bookes alone, and learned muses meete.
But when she knowes that thou art come, (all judges set aside)
What thing I do, she will demauade, and in what state I abode.
Then shal thou say I lye, although not so as lyne I wold
þz trace of time hath brought relief, as hope hath hopt it shold.
To muses yet (though herte they haue) agayne I doe retynge,
And vers. & eke of wretched wordes, to make I haue despynge.
But tell me now? to studiess olde, do' st thou thy mynde apply?
To learned versel thy fater lyke, wilt thou thy selfe assy?
Foyr nature with the friendly fates, hath genen thee maners chaste,
And sundry gistes but rarely scene, with wit good store thou hast.
To Pegale þt asount springes, my selfe, of purpose brought the first,
Least that sh: begynne of secund speache, myght perþe clo for thyself.
In chasteþ peares I noted well the aptnes of thy brayne,
And as thy fater dyd thee guide, the way to learning playne.
Euen then I say (but loue perhaps, with time is driven away)
þz passing loue to thee I had, whiche hardly could decay.
Wherfore if selfe same sparkes of wit, in thee do still remayne,
But onely Sapphoes learned workes, shall thyne in skill disdayne.
And now I feare least my mishaps, might thee percase appall,
þz through the same some dolens may within thy breast befall.
Whyle time did scrue thy verle to mee, and mine to thee I led,
And now as Judge I was, and now, as tutor I thee led.
þz els somerimes wþth verses made, thyne cares I did aþroune,
þz finding fault: in blushing cheekeþ, thy bloud somerimes did moue.
Like me perchaunce, for that my bookes, haue hindered me so sore,
þz feare of like mischaunce thou wyl, thy studiess leue therfore.
þz feare thou not Perhilla deare, this doubting dyed remoue,
So that no man of that thy verle, nor woman leue to loue.

220

Ouid de tristibus.

Get thou therefore awares aside (O thou most learned dame.)
To sacred loze and Authoris tunis, let it not thee ashame.
Thy favor fresh with beauty fraught, shall fade in longer space,
And with clyed age shall then appere, vpon thine elder face,
When clivile cld vpon thy shape, hath done her force and myght,
Who still drawes neare with stelby steps, to worke thy greevous spight.
I will thee grieve wnen some shall say, this wight she hath benc fayre,
And looking in the wondred glasse, for sorrow shal despayre.
Thou hast of wealth a meetely mide yid do st deserve much more,
Eniche thy noble wit likewise with like abundsant loze.
For fortune doth both g. ve and take, and change eche mans estate,
And hys now he is become, that Craxus was but late.
All g. nne ed moze words? all mortall goods, be lightly spent & gone,
Leave these which in the by: st be hid, and nynode except alons.
Lo while of house and countrey both, and thee I was bereft,
And of eche other thing deppiude, and daughter all was left.
Her wittes upmated they left, although I did enioy them still,
On them no ight could Caesar serue, wherebr to wozke his will.
Eche man by force of cruel sword my selfe may soone deppiude,
Pat wa. l my same though I be dead, remaine awares alwaye.
Let ke nartial Rome fio meathis seuen the conquered world behold,
Ht y learned work g. shall still be read, and some for aye be told.
And thou also that haþper vse, of studiis do st entor,
In what thou war, die hasting death, which earthly he is destroy.

¶ Hee desyret to see his friendes and country.

Exeg. 8.

¶ One would I wylle I myght ascend, on Triptolemus Carte,
Who first wylle seedes on earth to sow, haue taught the skylfull art.
How would I sorte the monstres fel, the whiche Medea sad,
Then flying from the lofty tower, of that Corinthus had.
How would I wylle to fye on high, and fightry fethers take,
As he whiche thou Perseus whilom had, or Dedalus didthe make.
¶ I a fliching wi h these wyllyng we gos, plott insubile sky,
I myght com w th by meane the rest, n native ground esp.
My foyry leuse and aye foyl friendes shold so to fightry appere,
A dchiesly cheverry leuing upple, when I accoumpt most deare.
But why wylle ciuylise wylching woddy, thou fondly fylle do cruce?
¶ Flich never thou before me that, to refle shal after have.
But if thou wylching farrers make, on Carte them belewe,
Who is the myghty God in deede, the selfe by ppoore to know.

Dec 11 1989.

He may to thee these speedy winges, and wheeled chariots send,
 That with the flying soules thou may, in thy returne contend.
 If these I aske (noz greater goates) may none reuyped bee,
 So shall my prayers see me in the large, then reason graunts to mee.
 In time to come perhaps, although, and anger all remoude,
 When carefull minde required then, to mercy be behou'de.
 The whil'st this smaller il npte sute, I crave with humble hart,
 That from this land els where I may, by licence free depart.
 The aere soule and water could, my nature will doth hate,
 And land it setteth my body byndes, in drepe diseased state.
 For eyther doth my troubled minde, the body sore molest,
 Or els the country breedes the griefe, wherewith it is distract.
 So soone as I to Poictes came, wþth dreanes I was agreeued,
 My flesh from bones it fled forthwith, which meare hath not retayued.
 And looke what colour pale and wan, vpon the leaues do shewe,
 When winter frost beginneth first, and Boreas blast to blowe.
 Such old and wyrthered cearede hue, my members do perake,
 Nor cause of loue complayning griefe, my paynetull minde forsake.
 Nor in more sound estate my impude, thea body do remayne,
 But doth at once diseased be, wþth fits of Aicknesse paine,
 Before my eyes me thinks I see, an Image stand in sight,
 Which represents my sickly shape, and minde with care affright,
 Such loue of death my brest assaultis, my selfe by force to kill,
 Spic Caesar seeketh not wþth swoarde, on me to wroke his will.
 And slay not force but gentle hate, thus long hath wrought our griefe,
 Through chaunged place God graunt we may of hym vþrgne relie.

¶ Why Tomos vvas so called.

Elegie. 9.

L O here som Gretian Cyties be, (who would beleue the same ?)
 And yet among the Nations ruoe, are knownen by Warouulus name,
 And to Myletus hither sent, the dwellers way did tak,
 On Geta ground at last they stayed, and G. chy houses nake.
 Yes this tow're eke thy fame moe olde, and elder tyme to knowne,
 And of Absireus cruel death, a proper name is growne.
 The sayling ship through curious care, of ma. tiall Pallas wrought,
 By first these strugling streames assarde, before time never sought.
 The wicked wight Medea here, from farther fling cast,
 Her rowing owers vpon this coast, (men say) the first time cast.
 The gazing straunger standing by, respecting icas by lowe,
 Discryng ships alwa, quety he, (pon Colchian lagles I know)

¶ Whyle

Ouid de tristibus.

While shipmen therē sorbēd did quake, and by the cables cast,
And while the Inker by to warghe, there scarefull handē made hast.
The guilty gypte with cruell kusse, did strike of Colchean brest,
Whose hardy hand great hurt hath wrought, and unto moxē is prest.
And though within this maydens minde, high courage did remayne,
Much perfect palenes yet thereto, in face appeared playne.
Whan hailing shys with speedy pace to draw moxē neare the spide,
By craft we must my father sicke, (we are betryed) she cride.
Whyle she for counsell paused then, and looked round about,
In sight at last her brother sawe, amids her deepest doobt.
Whom when she spide, soothly with she sayd - I dare vs well assure,
My brothers death the cause shalbe, our saety to procure.
Hie all unwares and dreading nought, her canced cruell spight,
Into his side her bloudy sword she thrust with raging myght.
Her blade pluckt backe from gozed syde, she rent with ruthfull wound,
And members minne in pecces small, she cast about the ground.
And that her father myght this knowe, on rocke whereby the pass,
By gnosfull handes and bloudy head, with sleight she fixed fast.
With warling new her aged syre, for this did make delay,
And sobbing sore the fleshe tooke by, she safelē scapt away.
Hereof this towne to Tomos hight, for that vpon this forke,
The suster did her brothers corps, in sundry partes disporke.

¶ Wyth vhat Nations hec liueth. Elegie. 10.

If any there remember yet, me Nalo sent awaie,
And in the City vorde of mee, my name remayning day.
Know he in mids of Barbary, unblissfull man I breah,
Wherē fixed starrēs do never scouye, to subiect Hees beneath.
The Sauromatis a Nations fierce, the Bessios, and the Getes,
Whiche names unworthy are my wile adiourning have their seates.
Yet whiē the weather dureth wortme, is Ister our defencē,
He with his liquid wates wette, repelles the battels hence.
But when th' impleasants winter comes, puts out his bgly face,
And all the land be sprinchid white, to matbit frost gecur place.
While Boreas blowes and while the snow, lieth call from Northē pole
When is it playne these people art, opp̄st with planer coole.
The snow doth lye, which lying can no Sunne or shobers shewe,
The frizing blast indriate makes, to li ryng Chrystall grove.
And on the first vnmelted yet an other fels as fast.
In diuers places monted and dwelle, twelue monches wholy fast.

Ho hedes

The third Booke.

25.

He hideth force hath violent winde from Northward heathen sea,
The lofty Towers it equall layes, with ground and houses rent.
With Mantles made of beare skinnes, xpell thy seruantes could,
And onely of their bodies all, their faces open hould:
Their busshes oft with Icy drops, do make a tinkelinge daine,
Their beards with frost be bright embiu'd, all hoary at their chaine.
The cleared wines in forme stand vp, like shards of chiuered ipe,
Noz draughtes they drincke but gladly will, with goblets ihusl begulke.
What should I tell how riuers all, with could congealed stand?
And howe the brittle waters be, cast vp with digging hand?
The same no straighter then the streme, of Nylus bearing reeds,
Which ported into sunt y gulfes, in Wasty Seas do spride.
This iester lies with patching blastes, his blutish liquor deepe,
And sooth in secret silent waues, to Sea in couert crepe.
How may men safely walke on soote, where shys late passage had?
With could concreate on waters knocke, the hooved hoyses sad.
And by such bridges newly built, on vnder sliding streme,
Sarmatia Oxen vnkouth Waynes draw sooth with stretched teams.
Forsooth I shall scant be beleu'de, but if reward of ipe,
Be any thers no witnes ought that sayth to ratifye.
The Largic treat with frost we saw, stand still and never flowe,
And slippery shill did vnder keepe, unmooved surges lowe.
Noz so contented to haue seene, the hardned seas we rode,
When ypmost waues beneath my feete, not weeringe them abode.
If such a one somettyme had bene, to the Leander kynde,
In narrow Seas no fault thy death, or cause of crime could finde.
Then neyther can the Dolphin fish, in springing apper attayne,
Whom forcing fast aloft to skip, doth winter hard restryne.
And though Mr Boreas blustering hurle, with winged winde dispach'd,
No surging billow bouleth vp, from swallow surely sticke.
The pitched pupp inclosed sticke, in Marble as it were,
No struglinge Dares thorough stosen cloud, their course are able shys.
We sawe the fishes fastned fast, long clong in yses cluse:
Yet part of them even then also, perceiued hys to liue:
If eyther raginge wynde therfore, his sower shys at large,
In syring on the fleetting floode, or els on Neptunes charge.
None on Ister made full even, with northen perie ysse,
Barbarous soe on haling horse, doth rydinge byther byse.
A skilfull soe in coursting Needes, and flyinge shaftes farre,
He doth the grunde that neeres lies, destroynge alwyses warre.

D.

With

Quid de tristibus.

With flying fall some haply scape, while feldes unfended rest,
Such richesse as vnapt remayne, by robbers be possest.
The Cattell and the creeking cartes, small country richesse are :
And what so euer other stort, the dwellers poore prepare.
Some captiue tane are led with armes, hard bound behind at backs,
With couenaunce tourn'de to land in baine, & houses which they lacke.
Some striken down full pitiously, with hooked shaftes do dread,
For drinching poison diuen is, into the arrowes head.
Looke what they can not carie forth, nor bryue, they quite destroy,
This hostile band with wastinge fire, will coates vnguislye now.
Even then also when peace is preast, they quake in fearing figh,
Nor any man with culter keene, to plowe the ground delight.
This place the enmy euer see'ih, or feare'ih the same vnseene,
The land vntil'd with baggage rough, ouer grown hath long time bene.
No pleasaunt Grape is hidden here in braunch of viney tree,
No warme newe wyne the hollough trough, to overslow we see.
No spies round this Regions bear'ih, nor here Acontius sped,
Of any had : to wright the verse, his loued mistresse red.
In naked feld yee should beholde, no tree ne bushes spread,
(A placis farre vnsic class) for happy men to tread.
And though the wold be stretched out, in compasse wondroung wyde,
For mee this Land appoynted is, my punishment to byde.

¶ Hee inueygheth agaynst the euill speaker.

Ilegic. I I.

Who so thou art that wickedly, at my mishaps reforst,
And me as guilty dost accuse, & eke condempane with boyce.
On hard a d flinty rocke was borne : wþh milke there fowred long,
Of savage beastes, the heart more hard then is the flint so strong.
What greater mischiefe wouldest thou wylle ? thy wicked ire content,
Or else what further ill could cause, thy poison'd tongue relent ?
In barbarous Land I stin, and Pontus Isle hath mee possest,
The Archadian Beare hath me also, and Boreas wynde distrest.
What Nations straunge no talke I haue, nor vse of language found,
Eche place thereto on every syde, with dolefull dread abound.
And as the fylng Hart once caught, do shun the bloudy beare,
Or as the seely tayned lambe, the mountayne Wolves do feare,
So I on every syde beset, with men of martiall Land,
Do like wylde dred, for playne I spe, my enmies hard at hand.
And though in deede the Payne were small, my louing wyfe to want,
Or else my Babes and Countrey sweete, a griele were deemed scant.

No: any

The third Booke.

26

For any other ill at all, but onely Cæsars wrath,
Do'st thou not thinke that Cæsars ire, enough of vengance hath?
Yet some there are that haply may my greener wounds trist worse,
And can with facund mouth also, and plesaunt speaking course.
Of matters playne to make a yroake, eche man a skil my shewe.
But what doth neede in weakened things, such plesaunt force to shewe?
A Gloyx great it is to race, the tower and losyn wall,
But other thinges of lesser force, all headlonge downe do fall.
I am not hec I was: why do'st thou spurne my shadowe vayne?
Of Asthes dead on stone consum'de, why do'st thou make agayne?
When Hector fought: he Hector was, but drawne amonge his bone,
With force of great Achilles horse, then Hector was he none.
And I my selfe as now not be: whom thou hast knownen full playne,
Onely now of him thou see'st, the shadowe to remayne.
(Why dost thou beast) with bitter wordes, mine Image thus constraine,
I pray thee spare from restlesse spittie, these tormentes to refrayne.
And thinke my faults to haue bene true wherewith thou chargest mee,
And thinke the same bene wicked all, and folly none to bee.
And let me paynes enough abide, to fill thy enuious brest,
And let me still an Exile liue, in place exil'de oprest.
My heauy fate should mole thy heart, on pitties playntes to feede,
And yet from thee as bloudy Judge, these Judgements do proceede.
Thou art more cruell farre then was Busrides the king,
Or else then he that fretting fire, to brenen Bull did bring,
Who (as men say) this Bull did geue, the cruell tygaunt to,
Of Sycill Land: who with his wordes, did prayse the same also.
The vse of this (O king quod he) in pype both farre surmount,
The outward forme: for of the shape, make thou the least accoupte.
On right syde to thou open see'st, a place to stand in sight,
Wherin put such as sley thou will, to satisfie thy spight.
And that once done with sokinge coales, the closed man consume,
Who like a Bull shall roze right out, with soze of fretting sume.
For which my wroke a gwerdon dew, that I like wylse may haue,
Some iust reward of thee (O Prince) my paynfull wifes do crue.
His tale thus done: the king slept sooth, then wroker of this payne,
Shall first (quod he) approue the same, and shell therin be basyn.
Incontinent as he had taught, with fire hee sawe him burn'de,
Who cruelly his manly hōpe to beastly blearinge turn'de.
But why speake I of Sycill factes, these Scythian Getes amonge?
To these O wretched my plaigne I send, that for my bloud do'st longe.

¶ 2,

And that:

Quid de tristibus.

And that thou may wþt guilty bloud, aþlakē thy longed thurst,
þt these my woes wþt hungry heart, reiþce wþt greedy lust.
On Heas and Land I flying fast, such greevous paynes approue,
þs hearinge them to ptytous teates, thy selfe percase might moue.
If that Vlysses toples were set (beleue me myne wþtball,) Neptunus ire to loue his wþtach, might be accoumpted small.
Do not therefore (þho so thou art) my griefe againe renewe,
Nor do not eft in greevous wounedes, thy cruell handes embewe.
And let the fame of former factes, forȝefulnes obayne,
So shall of thole myne elder hurts one only skarre remayne.
þtou knowest full well the doubtfull factes, do hurt or helpe at wþll,
Then feare thy selfe thy lot unknownen, which may thee saue or spill.
And sith tha now is come, which I did thynke coulde not haue bene.
Why hast thou mynde of my mishaps, thine owne forȝeting cleane.
þt neede thou not to feare: our chauice most greevous is of all,
For that where Caxars wrath is set all ȝis thereto besall.
And that thy selfe may know, that I, þnþgnedly doe moue,
These playnes: I woulde to God thy selfe, might even the same approue.

¶ Hee desirereth a gentler place of exile.

Elegie. 1. 2.

The Westerne windes gan clake the colde, and peare away to pas,
And Scythian winter slacke seemide, then wondred winter was.
And when the Ramme on waters thin, that Helle rashly brought,
The lightsome day with darkened night, in equall length had wrought.
The chilȝen smal and gladsome girtles, in country fieldes vp growen,
The Violets sweet at this time reape, where seedes haue not ben sowne.
The ferrele fieldes do florisse now, wþt flowers of sundry hewe,
And bablingbyðdes wþ tongue buateught, do chaske with notes so new.
The Hallowe eke a mother bile her cruell deedes to hide,
Her neast by beames she maketh close, and buildes by houses spde.
The growing Graine in plowed fieldes, with furrowes layde vñscene,
With slender spgere through tender earth speer th, wþt topfull greene.
The Wines also (whereas they be) their buds from braunches lowe
Do now bringe out: in Scythia so, no Wines at all doe growe.
And whereas losy woods be set, the Bowes doe spread from tree,
(For neere to coast of Geta Land, no Trees discerned bee)
Lo there this is the vacant time, for sport and pleasaunt playes,
And talking tongues in iudgement haules, do cease for certayne dayes.
On hymmerghing horse wþt armour light, they brauely now disport:
And some to Wall, and some to Top, wþt werry mynde resort.

The last

The thirde Booke.

27

The lass yore I auinoputed longe wryth thyng and syding Oyle,
Theire weare itemmes with water wylle, and rest from former toyle.
How triumphes are : wryth sounding voces, the Lookers on do cry,
From threis could gaze the factions threis, their favouring wodis let fly.
Doure times blis, and blessed more the number can make playis :
That maiest the City free enoy, and in the same remaine.
But I the snow wryth Sunne consum'de O wrytch do heire approue,
And frozen See the yse whereof no force might thence remoue.
Ho yse the same doth now congeale, as went it was to do,
Now herdmen way by lster make, to Sauromathia goe.
Yet if by hap that any Shyp, arryue within this coaft,
Or any straunger hap to be, in Pontus Hauen at hoast.
In haft I seeke the shipmen out (and saluunge them before)
What shyp or whence she coms I aske, or from what happy hore.
Then they (unlesse it maruelle be) from some neare toping Land,
Do sunswere make : from Nations farre, to sayle fewe tak' th in hand.
And seldome from Italia Seas do any passage take,
Nor in these portis from Hauen so wyde, no shyp his byding make.
But if that any come that speake, the Latin, or the Greeke,
Hechis for that more welcome much, such language I do seeke.
It lawfull is from mouth of See, and from Propontis longe,
That men may saile with Northeren windes, these Scythian seas among.
Who so hee be may haply make, some whispering rumour lowe,
Wherby a part occasion gau' th, more fame thereof to growe.
Then do I pray him make discourse of Czsars triumphes braue,
And che what vawes that duti vxi' th, the Latian leue to haue.
O els is that Germania land, whiche still rebelt' th in fiede,
With carefull minde at Captaynes feete, all prostrate now do yelde.
Who doth (whiche would my selfe haue seene) of these thinges haply tell,
I pray him vse as welcome ghesl, the house wherein I dwel.
But well away is Nasoes house, now set on Scythia grounde :
O shall to helpe my payne wrythall, a place therefore be founde ?
God graunt that Czsar may commaunde, not this my house to bee,
But rather for the tyne a place, wherein to challice mee.

To his byrth day. Elegie. 13.

My natall day (though more then need' th) lo here beholde I see,
But yet on Earth to haue bene borne, what doth it profit me ?
And why dost thou O carefull day, in wrytched yeares appere ?
Whiche might before this exilde time, my life dispatchyd cleare.

Isang

Ouid de tristibus.

If any care so me thou cast, or shame had the posses^t.
Beyonde my nature ground pursu'de, wh^t last thou me distres^t?
For in what place an infant first, thou knew at natall day,
In selfe same land me thinkes thou should, haue wrought my last decay.
And should haue left me quite when as my fellowes me so^tooke,
And there haue wist me well to fare, with sad lamentinge looke.
What dost thou here in Pontus lande? dorh Caesar will thee go
In quakinge yse to wacke his tre, hath he thee charged so?
And in despight of customes old, and honourable custe?
To see my backe with garments white, be clad Italian w^tse?
O; shall the smoking Juliers come, with flowing Garlands bound?
O; els the grapnes of Incence sweete, from flaching flames resound?
O; Sacrifice shall I for thee and offrings due present?
O; shall our bowes to mighty Gods be geuen w^tch whole assent?
I am not so disposed now: nor time is offred fit,
That I thy comming can retarke, and sorrowes quight forgit.
An auiler fram'de for funeralls, all deckt with Cipres tree,
And flaming fyres for death prepar'de, is much more meete for mee,
A Sacrifice to heauenly Gods no care I haue to greeue,
For bowes helpe not amids such illes, I sayt fully be greeue.
But if a stue I ought of them, with painfull prayers craue,
I w^the that in this land of thee no light may after haue.

To hys friend to defend hys Booke.

Flegie. 14.

O Holp Poer y^tlate high, which learned men defendes,
What dost thou now to wo^tfull wit, that friendly help extenes?
Is thou were wont in better plig^t alwayes to succour mee,
And now also least q^tit I should, depart dorh thou foresee?
Dost thou preseue my verses all, and in thy kepinge saue,
My wofull artes except alone, which Aut^thor^t hurred haue?
Yea do thou so of Poers newe, that carefull will remayne,
And if thou may my haplesse name, in Cyp still retayne.
My selfe enforst away to flee, my booke^s yet workinge so,
For cause by them committed is, to taste of maysters wo.
The exil'de father dorh oft times, to furdest Nations flee,
His chilidren though in town^t to byde, as lawfull is you see.
My verse my Offspringe so I call, begot of mother none,
But like as Pallas whilom was, of loue his bryne alone.
To thee I them commit and syth, their Wyre is wanted so^t,
To thes that dol^t protect the Babes, the burden is the moze.

End

And three I haue that my mishap, in case alike do prove,
The rest in open sight preserue, thou neede not them remoue.
And bookees thre ce stue of shape transfor'm'de, which likewise I haue left,
Whiche at their maisters funerall, with force were all bereft.
That woake might well is that in mee my life so longe had last,
From heauy hand amended more with greater fame haue pass.
But now all vnacquainted quite in peoples mouth doth fall,
It that in peoples dayly speache, my name be told at all.
And to my bookees I know not how, which hap into thy hand.
Add this: although now lately sent, from vnacquainted land.
That who then reads in reading them, will presuppose before,
What time and restlesse place I had, appoynted me therefore.
To writinges mine more pardon farre, a righteous Judge will shew,
If that them made in exil'de time, and barbarous land he know.
In such mishaps he marueyle will, how ver's I could write,
O; how my carefull hand set forth, the words I did endite.
My sundry woes my wits haue broke, of which longe time before,
The fountayne drys and slender batne, appeared euermore.
Yet (as it was) with want of vse, is now consum'de away,
And with longe chalist to dries driven, sustered more decap.
No booke of bookees to feede my wit, in Scythia coast be founde,
But in their place the shootinge bowes and arrowes do resounde.
No learned mates for conference, do liue within this lande,
That hath the skill my ver's to reade, or eares to understande.
No space is here to roame aside, that watch on wall which goes,
And gate vpusht keepers of the Geres, our deadly dreaded foes.
Enquiry oft I make of wordes, of place or of some name,
Nor any man is present here, by whom I certaine ame.
Not seldome I enforce to speake, to shamefull to confesse,
My wanted wordes will fayle me then, which I forgetting cesse.
With Thracian talke and Gera rude, my eares be stopped quite,
Mee seemeth now I able am, in Getian wise to wryte,
Weleeue mee least with Latin they be mixed soze I d:cad,
And least my writinge while thou vewe, the Pontus wordes do read.
And to my booke such as it is, in reading pardon giue,
And che excused haue the same, by lot of ly e I liue.

F I N I S.